THE LIVING AGE

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SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1925

How to Shoot Archdukes

BY

A SERBIAN MINISTER

The Devil's Official Biography

Was Mussolini Guilty?

BY

AN INNOCENT ACCOMPLICE

When Ibáñez Gets Talking

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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THE LIVING AGE

May 9, 1925

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THIS WEEK

Two exposures, more or less alleged, lead off this week's issue. As far as Serajevo is concerned, if the *Living Age* throws much more light on that particular town it will be as lit up as New York on New Year's Eve. The latest revelations show that the Serbian Cabinet was quite aware of the plot to murder Archduke Francis Ferdinand, but the opinion seemed to be that Serbia could do no wrong and Austria could do no right. Anyhow, the Central Powers knew that Russia and France were arming as fast as they could, and decided to force the issue by appropriating a milliard marks — however many that may be — to put their crusade across on a business basis. The Matteotti affair has repeatedly been threatening Italy with disasters almost as black as that which descended upon Europe after the Serbian slaying. The story seems to be that *Filippo Filippelli* had the wool pulled over his eyes by his two aides, Dumini and Putato. It is obvious now that Filippelli should have fired Dumini and mashed Putato.

❦ ❦ ❦

No one else would do it, so the *Living Age* has enterprisingly appointed itself official biographer to the Devil, and has spared no expense in securing the facts. In the old days the Devil was said to be in league with the ladies, and though that rumor dies hard, we have traveled a long way since Martin Luther believed that real devils gave him their personal attention. People used to teach children to believe in devils; now they are instructing our young folks in Salesmanship, Merchandising, and Business Policy. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!

❦ ❦ ❦

Lisa Dub — it's a German name — tells us all about the Carnival in Buenos Aires. She received twenty-three different invitations, and had the time of her life. The reserves and the plain-clothes men had to be summoned, but it was a great party and did not get rough until early morning when the respectable people had all gone to bed. *Filippo Sacchi* found much less excitement in Tahiti — or the New Cytherea, as he poetically calls it. France has taken complete possession of that romantic spot, and we gather from Mr. Sacchi that they have not improved its beauty. But of course those of us who believe that only the French really 'know how to live' will discount that kind of talk entirely.

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Mr. Dew, the hero of *G. M. A.'s* delightful story entitled 'Mr. Dew's Device,' was a real book-buyer — a regular A. Edward Newton. He liked good books, and did n't mind paying for them. We should like to get him into the Atlantic Monthly Book Shop — to which the *Living Age* has generously granted office space — and see how much he had left in his pocketbook when we got through with him. While we are on the subject, let us take this opportunity to ask any — and, as far as that goes, all — of our readers to drop in on the Shop the next time they are passing through town. We shan't mistake you for Mr. Dew, and you will find some fine books on sale and display — to say nothing of rare old copies of the May 9, 1925, *Living Age*.

❦ ❦ ❦

When *Charensol* went to see Blasco Ibáñez he found his victim ensconced in his magnificent private library at Menton (the 'his,' by the way, refers to Blasco). On the walls were autographed pictures of Pearl White and Anatole France. The former is a movie actress; the latter was 15 Horizontal in our crossword puzzle, and was defined as French literature's chief ornament, who died recently. Ibáñez and the ornament used to be great friends, but every time they met they talked of nothing but love and women. Draw your own conclusions.

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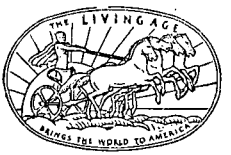

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS

AT the moment of writing, the returns show the election of Field-Marshal Hindenburg as President of Germany by a large plurality, due, according to the earliest reports, to the rural, the stay-at-home, and the women's vote. But the former army-commander did not receive a majority of all the ballots cast, and as there were no Monarchists among the Communists, the divided vote for a republic exceeded the united vote for a monarchy — assuming that all of Hindenburg's supporters were Monarchists — by well toward one million. But it is not necessary to credit every voter who cast his ballot for the old field-marshal with a desire to restore the monarchy; nor are those of his supporters who are Monarchists agreed upon any particular candidate for the throne.

No one doubts Hindenburg's honesty. He is reported to have secured a release from his oath of allegiance to the Kaiser before accepting the nomination. He cannot become President until he has taken an oath to be loyal to the Weimar Constitution. There is no reason to suppose that he will personally violate this oath. The statement in his political manifesto that 'it is not the form of the State but the spirit inspiring it which is decisive' was doubtless an honest expression of conviction.

Hindenburg's candidacy was probably helped rather than the reverse by the argument that his election would check the flow of foreign money into Germany and be distasteful to other governments. That argument was a boomerang, potent perhaps against his nomination, but not against his election when he was once in the field. It is not improbable that the overthrow of the Herriot Ministry in France also contributed to the Nationalist vote by clouding the prospect of a policy of international reconciliation being inaugurated, or endorsed, from that source. The *Observer's* correspondent declared two weeks before the election that the delay in evacuating the Cologne area, according to the Versailles Treaty, and in publishing the Report of the Military Control Commission charging Germany with secret preparations for war, was being used effec-

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tively against the Parties of the Left. Confessional differences also had a bearing on the results, Protestant Germany voting more heavily for Hindenburg than previous pollings prophesied, and Catholic Germany, especially the Rhine country, piling up heavy majorities for ex-Chancellor Marx.

Certainly so far as it is possible to forecast at present, the result of the election is not a step toward the restoration of confidence abroad. The editor of the London *Outlook* wrote a week before the election: 'The choice of Hindenburg would be a slap in the face of Europe.' The Liberal *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna declared, 'The mere nomination of Hindenburg, whom the rest of the world considers the incarnation of militarism and monarchism, cannot fail to do inestimable harm to Germany abroad.' *Le Temps*, voicing soberer public opinion in France, said: 'Whether they wish it or not, the election of Hindenburg will be a decided step toward restoring the monarchy, with all the dangers that this implies to the peace of Europe. . . . Hindenburg's election would be a serious setback for German democracy, and a no less serious setback for the policy of reconciliation with Germany that Lord Abernon inaugurated three years ago at London.'

✤

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN FRANCE

FRANCE, to judge by the tone of her press, is growing acrimonious under the strain of her present political and financial difficulties, and a note of unusual acerbity characterizes comment on the present crisis. Particularly irritating to some editors is the patronizing 'I told you so' attitude of their British colleagues. Indeed, English comment, more especially upon the financial crisis, has been somewhat irritating. The *New Statesman*, in commenting upon the new financial proposals that terminated the career of the Herriot Cabinet, said that any British Government that recommended such measures in the House of Commons 'would be laughed out of court.' The *Outlook* predicted that the proposed 'Voluntary Capital Levy' would be 'as illusory as the phantom gold which was to come from Germany,' and then proceeded to read its neighbors across the Channel the following soothing lecture: —

> But the root of the whole trouble is that France has never squarely faced her post-war economic problems; the thing dates back to the reckless finance of the post-war days when millions were poured into the restoration of the devastated regions. On sentimental grounds it was no doubt admirable to attempt to repair the damage done by the war, but in equity it was unfair that this should be carried out at the expense of another section of the population, namely, the lenders. The worst feature in the whole sorry business has been the speculation in reparations by which profiteers have been enabled to enrich themselves at the public expense. It has been a scandalous record of fraud and malpractice, and even now thousands are receiving bounties from the State free from all taxation. There should be an opportunity for economy here.

Harold Cox, writing in the *Westminster Gazette*, is inclined to pooh-pooh French protests of poverty and to ascribe the Government's trouble to the overthriftiness of its citizens, who will not pay taxes.

> France is at the moment extremely prosperous. Practically all her people are employed, and her pleasure resorts are filled with foreigners spending money with much lavishness. Why, then, should the French Government have any difficulty in making its Budget balance and in meeting its liabilities? The prosaic explanation is that the French people dislike paying taxes. So also do the English people; but English people complain — and pay. The Frenchman,

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whether he complains or not, abstains from paying.

As far back as 1914 the French Legislature passed an Income Tax Act, which was gradually put into operation during the war, but the yield from this French income tax is quite insignificant in comparison with the yield of the income tax in England. According to the latest available figures, the French Government gets about fifteen million pounds a year out of the income tax; in the year just completed the income tax in the United Kingdom yielded, together with supertax, £336,000,000. It must of course be borne in mind that the income tax is only one, and a small one, of the instruments of revenue employed in France. Also, the fact that it is a new tax adds to the difficulty of raising revenue from it.

One reason why the income tax in England yields such a large revenue, with comparatively little trouble for collection, is because we have grown accustomed to paying it. But though these considerations help to explain the low yield of direct taxation in France, they do not remove the financial difficulty. Indirect taxation has an automatic limitation, for beyond a certain point an increase in the tax destroys the revenue. Faced with serious financial difficulties no country can long escape the necessity for direct taxation. France is still trying to escape that necessity.

L'Ère Nouvelle, a pro-Herriot organ, puts the responsibility for the present situation on the shoulders of preceding Cabinets, where it does, indeed, largely belong: —

> During five years the budgets prepared and voted by the National Bloc showed the following deficits: 1920, 28 billion francs; 1921, 28 billion francs; 1922, 24 billion 700 million francs; 1923, 18 billion 100 million francs; 1924, 19 billion 100 million francs; or a total of 117 billions deficit.

Le Temps protests against the interpretation that the London journals placed upon Herriot's overthrow. They 'insist on seeing it only under its financial aspects, and overlook its moral and political factors.' Its political editor contends, in answer to the British thesis that France did not make the financial effort during the war that her circumstances demanded, that all the country's present financial difficulties 'are due to the failure of Germany to fulfill her obligations, in consequence of which France has been forced to restore her devastated regions from her own resources.'

> They never ask themselves if they are not largely responsible for this crisis, and if, in refusing to join us in compelling Germany to pay them, they have not helped to aggravate it. . . . Even before Berlin's deliberate and fraudulent bankruptcy they never lifted a finger to compel the vanquished to fulfill their engagements. On the contrary, the Americans and the English have exerted all their influence to favor the financial and economic recovery of Germany at our expense.

Referring to the 'moral and political factors' that overthrew Herriot, *Le Temps* says that his Cabinet fell for two reasons: directly, because it borrowed money for several months from the Bank of France so as to compel that institution to issue more bank notes than it was legally empowered to do — a fault that no preceding Cabinet had ever committed; and, indirectly, because it tried to make the administrative departments of the Government part of its political machine. In the opinion of *Le Temps*, M. Herriot had the choice between two policies after the general elections a year ago. He might, without betraying his principles or his supporters, have appealed to the good-will of all Parties and have endeavored to promote a policy of union. With his smiling good humor and kindly impulses he seemed temperamentally well fitted for this task. But he chose a different policy — that of governing as a Party politician, consulting only the members of the Cartel

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and particularly his Socialist allies. And in conclusion:—

> Ten months of a confused and scatter-brained policy have convinced the country that we must have a clear and precise programme. Ten months of perpetual wrangling among the people of the same country, of growing exasperation rising to a point that invited civil war, have proved the necessity of such a policy of union.

The fundamental weakness of the Herriot régime was generally attributed in French press post mortems to its dependence on the Socialists, whose policy it was to dictate the conduct of the Government without assuming responsibility for its acts. In order to fortify their control over the Cabinet, the Socialists devoted themselves to preventing a rapprochement between their Radical allies and the Parties further to the Right. The discords they sowed in the pursuit of these tactics do much to explain the increasing asperities that have characterized French politics during the past year. A Briand Cabinet would have kept its hands free to compromise with the Right while demanding that the Socialists assume a direct share in the Government with the responsibility that this implies. It is possible that the present Ministry will pursue a somewhat similar course, without the direct participation of the Socialists in the Cabinet.

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BULGARIA'S CRISIS

THE situation in Bulgaria, as recent events have dramatically shown, is even more unstable than in the other South and East European countries having autocratic revolutionary governments. Moscow will be charged with instigating the atrocities that have led to equally bloody reprisals at Sofia, and the incidents there will inevitably be associated with what happened in Esthonia a few months ago and the plotting in Germany revealed at the Leipzig trials just concluded. And Moscow invites this charge by its professions. Karl Radek, writing in *Pravda* of April 1, denounced as 'a lie' the idea that the Communists have renounced world revolution, adding: 'With the keen eye of a fighter they [the Communists] study the different battlefields of the class struggle, determining the places where the foe is gaining strength and where he is weakening, and picking out the point where a heavy fist must be lifted to strike a good blow.' The recent appointment of Joffe as head of the Soviet Legation in Vienna synchronized with a marked revival of Bolshevist activity throughout the Balkans and Greece. Chronic assassination has been rife in Bulgaria for many months. Since last summer five members of Parliament have been murdered by political feudists. The London representative of the Bulgarian Official Press Bureau stated in the Labor organ, the *Daily Herald*, early in April: 'It may be that one hundred and fifty Communists and Agrarians have been killed in the struggle, often bloody, against the conspirators, both sides usually suffering losses.' The special correspondent of the London *Times* at Sofia informed his paper shortly before the recent outrages occurred that an attempt at revolution was imminent, that it was being organized in the interests of the Government of Russia 'by the Pan-Balkan Communist Union, which is a branch of the Third International.' He reported also that arms and agitators were being smuggled into Bulgaria from the Russian Black Sea ports.

Unfortunately the struggle in Bulgaria is not a straight fight between Communists and anti-Communists, but is complicated and embittered by other feuds and vendettas. The Agra-

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rian extremists profess to dislike Communist doctrines, but work with the Bolsheviki in order to avenge the assassination of Stambuliskii. On the other hand, the Macedonian fighting refugees, who are strong and well organized in the southern part of the country, are at daggers drawn with the Communists. Todor Alexandrov, their leader, was killed not long ago by agents of the Third International, whereupon his followers started bloody reprisals. Their ruthless discipline is illustrated by the confession of the young Macedonian who lately shot a Communist Member of Parliament in the streets of Sofia, to the effect that his organization had given him three days in which to kill his man, under pain of death if he failed. He found his victim late on the third day. The *Times* correspondent next alludes to a condition that seems to have grown worse since he wrote: —

Unfortunately there is reason to believe that the police imitate the extra-legal methods of the Macedonians. 'Wanted' men have been disappearing in mysterious fashion; 'suicide' in prison seems an incident that need not occur. Meanwhile it is no exaggeration to say that for months scarcely a day has passed without a murder — now of some important Communist or anti-Communist; now of one of the smaller fry, who is found hanging from a tree 'By Order' of the Internal Organization, or falls mysteriously off his roof during a visit of unknown callers and breaks his neck. It is a grisly state of affairs which does the country's reputation great harm. Its neighbors may have had an agitated past, but their present compares most favorably with the deplorable state of affairs in Bulgaria, where now no politician feels safe.

Yugoslavia is drawn into the quarrel by the fact that the Macedonian refugees who are fighting the Communists are self-exiled patriots from territories that they believe were unjustly allotted to Serbia after the war. They are as bitter enemies of the Serbs as of the Communists. As a result Serbian officials who are fighting the Third International in their country by every means in their power are suspected of encouraging its representatives in their feud with the Macedonian refugees in Bulgaria.

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A FASCIST INTERNATIONAL

Last winter the Supreme Council of the Italian Fascisti made preliminary moves toward founding a Fascist International. Mussolini is said to disapprove the suggestion, but its ardent young proponents are convinced that they have discovered a doctrine that is destined to save the world as well as Italy, and refuse to be denied the pleasures of proselyting for it abroad. They have the encouragement of little groups in Hungary, Germany, France, and even Great Britain, who imagine that Mussolini — despite his personal disinclination to assume the rôle — is the prophet of a new era.

French Fascism has rallied around the decadent royalism of Léon Daudet, whose rotund presence has ceased to adorn the Chamber of Deputies since last May's election. It adds anti-Semitism to the pet antipathies of the Italian Fascisti — Communism and parliamentarism. In this it stands shoulder to shoulder with Hitler's *Bierkeller* warriors in Bavaria and Horthy's Hungarian Wide-Awakes.

The British Fascisti, like our parlor Bolsheviki, seem to be recruited from well-to-do seekers after unpopular truth. Until recently, according to William Bolitho in the London *Outlook*, they were neither a numerous nor a doughty group.

They met with ease in a small restaurant that the widow of a titled gentleman had installed in a loft in a mews off Park Lane.

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It was a long, dim room, where the food was served in 'Peasant' bowls of colored earthenware, on checkered blue-and-white tablecloths. It may still exist, for British Fascism has grown. The keynote of their action was talk, mainly about getting into touch, complicated with squabbles between the ladies of the committee; a peaceful movement that had its own tennis courts, unmercifully chaffed by the press, even by the Harmsworth press, which is a hearty applauder of the Italian movement. A little later, at the last elections, the British Fascisti helped the police to eject odd disturbers of Tory meetings, and even threw glass bulbs containing unpleasant chemicals on the floor of a London theatre an hour before a Communist meeting had assembled.

They also created a three days' sensation not long ago by attempting to 'kidnap' a popular Labor leader; but the feat seems to have resembled a college hazing-exploit more than a serious political adventure.

MINOR NOTE

A CONTRIBUTOR to the British *Review of Reviews* submits figures to show that sobriety and industry go hand in hand in Africa. The trade statistics of Nigeria show that between 1910 and 1921 the importations of spirits declined ninety-one per cent, while the export of oil nuts increased seven per cent. Between 1907 and 1921 the imports of spirits into the British West African countries decreased by 26 million gallons, or well over 60 per cent, while the exports of cocoa increased by 540,000 tons, or more than 250 per cent. To be sure, the native has local liquors, mostly the fermented sap of certain palm trees, but their alcoholic strength sinks almost to the Volstead Law level, whereas the gin that constitutes the bulk of imported spirits has an alcoholic content of over forty per cent.

LORD BALFOUR ABROAD

Order is being well maintained in Palestine.
—*Daily Herald*, London

LAST-HOPE HINDENBURG

Nationalist Party Whip. If he won't pull, who will?
—*Vorwärts*, Berlin

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ANOTHER ALLEGED FASCIST EXPOSURE[1]

THE FILIPPELLI DOCUMENT

[Our readers will recall the alleged Rossi Memorial published in our issue of February 14, which purported to implicate high Fascist officials in a number of violent crimes committed in Italy. A second document of the same kind written by Filippo Filippelli, director of *Corriere d'Italia*, after the Matteotti murder, has now been published, originally in *Riscossa*, and later in French in *L'Humanité*, from which we translate the version printed below.]

Dumini is a person well known to Premier Mussolini. Before the March on Rome he called himself Bianchi, either in order to avoid the attention of the police on account of several crimes of violence he had committed, or to escape the vengeance of the Reds. I knew him on *Popolo d'Italia*. Therefore he is a trusted person in whom our people place confidence.

Dumini is the friend not only of Mussolini but also of Césare Rossi [author of the Memorial previously printed] and other persons high up in the Government and the Fascist Party. He was introduced and warmly recommended to me by Rossi. I gave him a position on the staff of *Corriere d'Italia* at the same time that I took on Putato. As he proved useless on the paper, and I did not want to offend Rossi and his other friends by discharging him, I kept him at half salary. I did the same with Putato. They seldom came to the office of the paper, and when they did it was usually at night. They spent most of their time at the Viminale.

Dumini is reported (*a*) to have assaulted Misuri, (*b*) to have operated in France, (*c*) to have recently attacked Forni at the Milan railway station by higher orders with the consent of Mussolini.

I never concerned myself with these acts, because I was merely a man in the ranks, loyal to my Party but condemning violence, as I showed by my revisionist campaign in the *Corriere d'Italia*. But I have always thought that whosoever assumed moral responsibility for this violence had a better grasp on the situation than I had.

As I owned and had in the service of my newspaper several automobiles, these people were constantly asking to borrow them. Rossi had been using my Ansaldo for two months, and there were not many prominent Fascisti in Rome who had not used, and abused, my motor-cars for days and weeks at a time. So much by way of introduction.

On Monday, June 9, Dumini asked me to lend him a car for three or four hours. He said it was for the use of some of his ex-army friends who had come to Rome for a convention, and that it would be a favor to Rossi and Marinelli if I would do so. As it was my well-known practice to grant such favors freely, I told Dumini he might use a car that I had hired the previous Saturday at the Trévi Garage in Croceféri Street — to be charged to the *Corriere*. Dumini said he would drive the car himself in order to have more room for his friends, and handed me the letter that was later published. I planned eventually to recoup myself for the expense by deducting it from his

[1] From *L'Humanité* (Paris official Communist daily), *March* 27, 28

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pay, which amounted to fifteen hundred lire. I heard nothing further of the matter until about midnight Tuesday.

At eight o'clock Tuesday evening I went to my editorial office. Nothing unusual attracted my attention. I dined at 9.45 on the Pincian, where I remained until 11.30 with Major Benedetto Fasciolo, Mussolini's secretary. About midnight I returned to the newspaper office, where I met Dumini and Putato, who were talking calmly with Major Quillici, editor-in-chief of *Corriere d'Italia*. Dumini came into my office with a bundle of newspapers in his hands and asked me to find him a place where he could put the automobile for the night. Without suspecting anything, I asked why. He answered that he was acting under explicit orders of Rossi and Marinelli, which were formally authorized by Mussolini. He talked with me about several matters, particularly a certain Russo who had been in Rome for a number of weeks.

I was quite worried about it, but hesitated to do anything abrupt, so I asked Quillici to place the machine in his garage that night. Dumini asked me not to mention the matter, and said that everything would be all right in the morning.

Nevertheless, I was disturbed by the rumor that Deputy Matteotti was missing, and the next day, Wednesday, I started at once to find Rossi to inquire about the Matteotti affair. I have forgotten to mention that my reporters gave me the version current up to that time, to the effect that the motor-car in which he was abducted was a gray Fiat. As I did not know that Dumini had committed the crime, I considered it my duty to bring this information to the attention of the Government.

Wednesday morning Rossi was also hunting anxiously for me at the same time I was hunting for him. He wanted to tell me: (*a*) that Dumini had informed him he had used the automobile that I had in good faith lent him; (*b*) that the affair was serious; (*c*) that Premier Mussolini was informed of everything; (*d*) that he, Rossi, and Marinelli had given their orders in full understanding with Mussolini; (*e*) that we must keep our mouths shut at all costs, for Mussolini's own safety was at stake.

These assurances by Rossi prevented me from laying the facts in my possession before the authorities. Nevertheless I considered it advisable to report them that same day, Wednesday, to Bono, Finzi, Marinelli, and the others.

I learned from Finzi and the others: (*a*) that the victim of Dumini's assault was Deputy Matteotti; (*b*) that the order to do away with him emanated from the Cheka of the Fascist Party, whose agents were Dumini and other people well known to Mussolini; (*c*) that these men had had a conversation with Mussolini sometime on Wednesday; (*d*) that Mussolini had received Matteotti's identification card and passport as proof that he had been put out of the way; (*e*) that we must keep our heads cool, for everything would come out all right; (*f*) that we must prevent at any cost letting the tragic car which I had lent in perfect good faith be identified. They repeated to me several times that this involved an affair of State, that the Government was in danger, that not only Mussolini's power but his life was in peril.

What should I do? Any word, any act, of mine might compromise Mussolini. I say Mussolini personally. For the moment I kept silent, the more so as Marinelli and Rossi described to me Wednesday and Thursday dramatic conversations that they had had with Mussolini.

Nevertheless I went Thursday night to Finzi's residence. His wife and sister-in-law received me very courteously. I

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went to tell him that I could no longer live in my present condition of doubt and worry, that I must have some moral support. They were profuse in their assurances. They reiterated them to me Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. General di Bono in particular advised me to print Dumini's letter, and told me that he had taken measures to destroy all traces of the crime. These traces would be the bloody garments in Dumini's possession at the time he was arrested.

Dumini remained at Rome until Thursday evening. I saw him by accident at nine o'clock Wednesday night at the Colonna Gallery, where he told me that by an understanding with Marinelli and Rossi he would go the next day and get the car from Major Quillici's garage. He added that he had no idea what was happening. About one o'clock Thursday afternoon Dumini came to see me at the office of the newspaper and said, this time also in the name of Marinelli and Rossi, — that is, in the name of the Government, — that there was no risk in taking out the automobile. Thereupon, yielding again to my desire to be of service, and fearing the serious consequences the affair might have for Mussolini, I told my chauffeur to get the car.

The rest is known. Professor Carlo Bazzi, who lent his machine a few days earlier, is in possession of all the facts. He was present during my tragic conversations with Rossi when I demanded that my own innocence in the matter be shown and protested that my only fault was my loyalty to Mussolini. Bazzi accompanied Dumini to the garage the night of his arrest.

Rome, June 14, 1924. Filippo Filippelli.

MORE LIGHT ON SERAJEVO

BY M. LJUBA JOVANOVIČ

[We publish here a complete translation of those paragraphs of an article entitled 'After Vidov Dan, 1914,' printed in Belgrade *Krv Slovenstava* ('The Blood of Slavdom') last year, which reveal the Serb Cabinet's prior knowledge of the plot to assassinate Francis Ferdinand. Quotations with interpretative comment of this article appeared in the *Living Age* of March 7. The translation was made for the British Institute of International Affairs, and was originally published simultaneously in the Institute's journal and in the London *National Review* for April. Vidov Dan is Saint Vitus's Day, the twenty-eighth of June, and the anniversary of the battle of Kossovo.]

At the outbreak of the World War I was Minister for Education in M. Nikola Pašič's Cabinet. I have recently written down some of my recollections and some notes on the events of those days. For the present occasion I have chosen from them a few extracts, because the time is not yet come for everything to be disclosed.

I do not remember whether it was at the end of May or the beginning of June, when one day M. Pašić said to us

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— he conferred on these matters more particularly with Stojan Protič, who was then Minister of the Interior; but he said this much to the rest of us — that there were people who were preparing to go to Serajevo to kill Francis Ferdinand, who was to go there to be solemnly received on Vidov Dan. As they afterward told me, the plot was hatched by a group of secretly organized persons and in patriotic Bosno-Herzegovinian student circles in Belgrade. M. Pašič and the rest of us said, and Stojan agreed, that he should issue instructions to the frontier authorities on the Drina to deny a crossing to the youths who had already set out from Belgrade for that purpose. But the frontier 'authorities' themselves belonged to the organization, and did not carry out Stojan's instructions, but reported to him — and he afterward reported to us — that the order had reached them too late, for the young men had already got across.

Thus the endeavor of the Government to prevent the execution of the plot failed, as also did the endeavor made on his own initiative by our Minister in Vienna, M. Joca Jovanovič, in an interview with the Minister Bilinski, to dissuade the Archduke from the fatal journey that he contemplated. And so the attempt at Serajevo was to be carried out, in more terrible measure than had been anticipated, and with results that no one could then have pictured even in his wildest dreams.

I was personally acquainted with Gavril Princip, the chief conspirator. I saw him two or three times in my department, when he came to me to ask me to allow him to sit privately for the examination at the Lycée — first for the fifth, and then for the sixth class. He remains in my memory: slight, broadish in the shoulders, with a broad though somewhat pinched countenance. He spoke naturally and without nervousness. I advised and encouraged him — as I did many other youths who came to Belgrade from Austria-Hungary almost like emigrants — to pursue his studies and finish his schooling, because the better his equipment the greater use would he be to the nation and, in general, the better would he serve his own ideals. I allowed him to sit for his examination on both occasions, and he sat for both in the first Lycée.

The last time I saw him we parted in quite an amusing way. He came to see whether my permission for his examination was ready, and whether it had been sent to the Lycée. It often happened that young strangers like him came and pestered me about details of this kind, and I was annoyed and flew out at him and began to give him a piece of my mind. The wretched Princip first looked at me in amazement, and then immediately turned hastily to the door, stammering: 'I am sorry. I did not know — ' and made for the exit. I turned, and made to reassure him in more kindly fashion, but he was in a hurry to be off as soon as possible.

Who could then have foreseen what this same agitated young student would do a few weeks afterward?

On the afternoon of Vidov Dan I was in my house on the Senjak. About five o'clock an official telephoned to me from the Press Bureau and told me what had happened at noon at Serajevo. Even though I knew what had been prepared there, nevertheless I felt, as I held the receiver, as though someone had dealt me an unexpected blow; and when a little later the first report was confirmed from other quarters, I began to be overwhelmed with grave anxiety.

Not for a moment did I doubt that Austria-Hungary would make this the occasion for declaring war upon Serbia;

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and I considered that the position both of the Government and of the country in regard to other States would now become very difficult, and in every way worse than after May 29, 1903 [when King Alexander and Queen Draga were murdered], or during the time of our more recent disputes with Vienna and Budapest. I was afraid that all the European Courts would feel themselves individually the target of Princip's bullets, and would hold aloof from us, with the approval of the monarchist and conservative sections in their countries. And even if it did not quite come to that, who would dare to stand up in our defense? I knew that neither France nor, still less, Russia was in a position to measure herself with Germany and her allies on the Danube, because their preparations were not to be complete before 1917. It was this that more especially filled me with anxiety and fear.

The most terrible thoughts crowded in upon me. This began at five o'clock on the Sunday of Vidov Dan, and continued day and night, except during a few fitful moments of sleep, until Tuesday forenoon. Then my young friend, Major N——, of the Ministry of Education, came to see me. He was uneasy, but he was not in despair as I was. I poured out my apprehensions to him without restraint or reflection. He at once said to me, in the tone usual to him on such occasions, that is to say, pleasantly and quietly, but with complete conviction: —

'My dear Minister, I think that it is quite unnecessary to despair. If Austria-Hungary wants to declare war on us — well, let her! It would have had to come to that anyhow sooner or later. The present is a very inconvenient moment for us. But it is not now in our power to choose the moment; and if Austria has chosen it, well, let it be so. It may well turn out badly for us, but who knows? It may perhaps be otherwise.'

I was, I think, beside myself at that moment; but these words of his, I declare, quite pulled me together, and I began to recover; and remembering what he had said to me, I little by little began to think clearly, and never afterward was I so overcome by events as during those two days.

My chief concern now was, what echoes of the Serajevo affair would be heard from Europe? Happily, from the Petrograd press — and so far as it was concerned we could assume in advance that it represented the official view — we received the first favorable reports: it took up our defense against the Austria-Hungarian accusations. Russia, then, would not deny us or pass by on the other side. After Russia would come her friends. And so by degrees it turned out. In this respect we were appreciably helped by the 'pogroms' against Serbs, fomented or winked at in Bosnia, Croatia, and Dalmatia. The impartial world could now see how the Serbs, whom the Austria-Hungarian press represented as a people whose turpitude passed all measure, were, on the contrary, themselves the victims of her injustice and her inhumanity.

We could now breathe a little more freely again. But Vienna also began to get to work. It is true that the representatives of the dynasty, and Court circles in general, except those few who were directly stricken, did not greatly mourn the murdered heir apparent and his wife, and made little attempt at concealment, and even, to some extent, paraded their sentiments at his funeral in Vienna. In fact, with the disappearance of Francis Ferdinand, the Imperial House was freed from a serious domestic difficulty and the State from a difficult and involved constitutional problem that threatened seriously to embroil the relations between the

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Austrian and Hungarian portions of the monarchy and to give rise to endless internal troubles.

For this reason there were, even in Belgrade, people who seriously hoped that our neighbors would, if only for form's sake, cry out a little against us, and then let the matter drop. But, not content with all these favorable consequences of the Serajevo murder, the Austria-Hungarian rulers were evidently bent on exploiting even the event itself and on squeezing the utmost profit out of it, to the detriment of the Serbs and of Serbia, not only in their own country, but also abroad. In particular, they used the greatest efforts through the Vienna Press Bureau to influence the press at home and in Europe, and in fact everywhere.

I was in the same way a witness of the efforts they made to use the event with the greatest profit to their internal situation, and to have the best possible excuse for repressing and even causing damage to Serbs and other similar uncertain elements in their population. In this they found ample assistance among some of the people of our own blood, especially in Bosnia and Herzegovina, but also in Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia. The aim of Vienna still was to create a movement that would draw together all those diverse peoples and unrelated facts which constitute the Hapsburg monarchy, and out of all these to form a single national soul in the face of the enemies of the Imperial House and of the State. This is what Austria-Hungary, above all, lacked. And what she and her friends continually and most of all feared — and we for our part hoped — was that in some great war she would be unable to appear as she appeared in 1866 in the war with Prussia and Italy. I now saw with apprehension how the rulers of our enemy were cleverly repairing this natural defect, and how they were preparing their otherwise patchwork 'people' for unanimous and enthusiastic foreign action, in the first place against Serbia.

It became all the clearer to me what Austria-Hungary had in mind for us. From her side there began to be uttered the word 'war.' There were many signs and events that told me that Germany stood firmly beside Austria-Hungary. I had, however, even before this, become convinced that Germany had determined not to allow Russia and France to complete their preparations for war, upon which Russia was actively working, but to anticipate them in her preparations and herself take the initiative in beginning armed hostilities. That unusual vote of extraordinary military credits to the amount of a milliard marks all pointed in this direction, as indeed the whole world had immediately seen. I myself had the impression in the course of the spring that Germany was beginning to look for a pretext for a quarrel with the French Government; and I was from that moment convinced that Berlin would, out of some trifle or other, manufacture a dispute in which to find occasion for a trial of arms with France and Russia, if she could not find anything more suitable elsewhere.

Princip and his friends had now provided her with such an occasion, and I therefore thought that neither Germany nor Austria would let such an opportunity slip; only that now all the fury of the first attacks would fall, not upon France or some other, but upon Serbia.

My colleagues believed, on the contrary, that war could be avoided, and they therefore decided — altogether in the spirit of the policy of our friends and ourselves — to avoid it. Such satisfaction as must be given to Austria-Hungary should be given to her, and the struggle would thus be postponed until a time when we should again be

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ready for a fight such as that from which we had issued with glory and great acquisitions the previous summer. The Ministers all worked with this intention. When the Austrian stories arrived from Vienna to the effect that the assassins had received directions in Serajevo from an official of the Serbian Ministry of Public Works, a certain Milan Ciganovič, M. Pašič asked M. Joca Jovanovič, then in charge of that department, who this official of his was; but M. Joca knew nothing about him, nor did anybody in his department. Under pressure from M. Pašič, they at last unearthed Ciganovič in some small clerical post in the railway administration. I remember that somebody, either Stojan or Pašič, said, when Joca told us this: 'There, you see! It is true enough what they say: if any mother has lost her son, let her go and look for him in the railway administration.' After that we heard from M. Joca that Ciganovič had gone off somewhere out of Belgrade. And Stojan set on foot some inquiries from his side. Among other things, there was found at Belgrade post office, *poste restante*, a post card from Serajevo, which one of the conspirators had before Vidov Dan addressed to one of his colleagues in Belgrade.

From all this it might have been expected that Vienna would be unsuccessful in establishing any connection between official Serbia and the event on the Miljacka. M. Pašič therefore hoped that we should somehow pull ourselves through this crisis, and he made efforts, in which he was supported by all the rest of us, to preserve as far as possible the relations which we had so far established, in order that Serbia might get through as cheaply as might be with the unhappy task of giving satisfaction to Austria-Hungary, and that she might recover as quickly as possible from the blows which in such a case were bound in any event to fall upon her.

It is recognized that the Government did not fail to do everything that was possible to show to its friends and to the rest of the world how far removed we were from the Serajevo conspirators. Thus, on the very first evening upon which it was known what Princip had done, Stojan gave orders under which the Belgrade police prohibited music, singing, and every kind of amusement in public places; everything was suspended, and there was, as it were, a period of official mourning. M. Pašič expressed to the Vienna Government our regret at the loss which had befallen a great neighboring Power, and his execration at the deed itself. At the requiem in the Catholic church in the grounds of the Austria-Hungarian Legation on June 20 (July 3), the day upon which the murdered heir apparent and his wife were buried in Vienna, the Government was represented by several Ministers. I myself was of the number. I wished to testify that even I, who more than any of the others might have been thought to approve of Princip's deed, was, on the contrary, entirely in agreement with what our Cabinet was doing. Nevertheless, both my action in going there and the short period during which we were in the church were unpleasant to me. I felt myself among enemies, who did not desire peace with us.

It may be that the root of these feelings and premonitions of mine lay in the thoughts and sentiments which had formed themselves in my mind from my earliest youth. I was all my life taught to look out for evil in everything that Austria did, no matter how or where. I was, therefore, very naturally, in all probability more sensitive to the signs which were likely to betray her and her intentions. Consequently, both there in the church and in every other place,

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there grew within me the conviction that Austria-Hungary would not be content with any kind of satisfaction, and that she would declare war upon us. She would certainly not let slip this opportunity, as she had — in the opinion of those circles with whom much of the blame for it lay — let slip the opportunity at the time of the annexation crisis (1908–1909) and of the Albanian crisis (1913).

There now befell the sudden death of Nikola Hartwig, Russian Minister to Serbia, which took place in the Austrian Legation itself. His death was a terrible blow to me and to many another Serb also, all the more so as the late Minister and I were intimate, and as I knew how much we owed to him and how much more we might have hoped from him; but Belgrade felt itself especially hit. At first people round about the town believed that his host, Baron Giesl, had simply poisoned him, and there arose in consequence a kind of fury against the Baron and the whole Dual Monarchy. No stupidity or infamy on the part of Austria would have surprised me, but I knew that Hartwig had a very weak heart and took no care of himself, so I asked what the doctors said, and they declared that he had died a natural death. This reassured the more reasonable sections of the public, but the people in the Austria-Hungarian Legation began to be alarmed. They began to complain that demonstrations and assaults and murders were being planned against them and their citizens. Every hour they came to the Ministry to protest and to ask for protection. An attack of this kind was, for example, to be expected on the occasion of Hartwig's funeral, and we took measures to meet any eventuality. I myself, when the procession left the church for the cemetery, kept close beside Giesl — on the one hand, in order that I might by so doing discourage any assassin who might perhaps be sorry for it if I should suffer as well as the Austrian, and on the other hand in order to assure him that there was nothing to be afraid of. All the same, we breathed again when everything passed off without mishap and when Austria-Hungarian lies on the subject had once more been put to shame.

Our enemies, as everybody now knows, concealed their intentions very astutely. When we heard that Kaiser Wilhelm had put out from Kiel on his usual cruise to the North, I hesitated between two opinions: either he was quite sincerely thinking no evil, or, on the contrary, desired to deceive the world, feigning to be unaware of what was being prepared. Immediately after this, Francis Joseph himself made a move and went back to the waters at Ischl, and this also might mean peace. In fact, on that same day there was held in Vienna a council of the 'joint Ministers,' at which the Chief of the General Staff and a representative of the Navy were also present; and Count Berchtold immediately followed the Emperor to Ischl, presumably to submit a report of the meeting. But, in order that this might not be unfavorably interpreted, a *communiqué* was issued in which it was stated that the meeting had been concerned with the preparation of the new Budget, and that the Chief of the General Staff and the representative of the Navy had therefore been summoned in order to report on certain technical questions connected with the Budget. The only effect upon me of such 'candor' on the part of Vienna was, on the contrary, to make me more anxious than ever.

To speak frankly, it is still a marvel to me that serious statesmen of the great friendly Powers could at that time have been so deceived. Sazonov

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took the whole thing very lightly. Spalajkovic reported to us on July 5 (July 18): 'A few days ago M. Sazonov said to me that he was surprised that the Austria-Hungarian Government had taken no steps to prevent this *sterile* activity on the part of the Vienna press, *which in the long run does no good to anybody* and does harm to Austria-Hungary herself.' One by one he allowed the Imperial Ambassadors in Vienna, Paris, and Berlin to proceed on leave of absence, and he left Hartwig's post unfilled. The French Government in the same way still kept de Kock, a very sick man, as her representative here. The President of the Republic, Poincaré, made preparations for his visit to the Czar of Russia, and at midnight on July 2 (July 15) set out tranquilly from Paris for Petrograd. In the same way all our friends advised us to remain self-possessed and cool and to moderate our press; and naturally no one gave us any warning to be on the alert and to prepare.

This was a success for the astute Austrian Government, which now at the beginning of July, in contrast to the menacing attitude which it had adopted hitherto, assumed the part of one who harbored no evil designs. The Minister for War and Chief of the General Staff went on leave. At the Ministry for Foreign Affairs they so successfully reassured the Russian Ambassador, Shebeko, that he also went off somewhere for a holiday.

At that time Europe was indeed deaf and blind, and I had a feeling that from Vidov Dan right up to the delivery of the famous ultimatum, 'Europe,' as they say, 'did not exist.' The great Powers — Russia, France, England, and Italy — to whom, it is true, there was no immediate threat of war, took no serious step to prevent that Austria-Hungarian *démarche* in Belgrade, and in fact never had any idea that it was necessary to take any step at all. Today it is perfectly clear that the war might have been prevented if only England had declared herself in good time, and in no uncertain terms, against the projects of our enemies, and if she had threatened Berlin that she would defend France, the ally of Russia, by force of arms. This she did not do, because she would not realize the meaning of the Serbian question and the consequence for the whole world to which it would give birth.

My readers may perhaps reproach me, in writing this, for having gone back to my feelings of ten years ago. They may even have thought that I now regret that there came to pass that struggle that in the end brought unexpected good fortune to our people. But, as may be seen, I have simply recorded what then took place. It is true that after those difficult days, and after others still more difficult, there came days of victory and rejoicing; but, nevertheless, we ought not to forget those earlier days.

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A BLAST FOR TOBACCO[1]

BY VERNON RENDALL

For three quarters of a pound of tobacco twenty shillings was paid in the Stratford of Shakespeare's day, and then so rare a pleasure must have been a rite of conscious devotion. Now every man, many women, and some wicked children — all have got the weed, and no one thinks it necessary to celebrate so universal and commonplace a benefit. The poets for many years have left it unsung; it has been given over to the mob of modern gentlemen who write cleverly and uneasily. Perhaps the enjoyment of tobacco is spoiled by effort. The sense of well-being and relaxation it brings must not be associated with elaborate endeavor, certainly not with making black scratches on fair paper to fix and to spoil its evanescent charm. So it is that the greatest, who have toiled after tobacco as the lesser toil after adjectives, smoke and say nothing about it. Mr. Partington, in his admirable and far-reaching anthology, is quite entitled to boast of the pertinacity of his labors, which have seen a dozen briers used up. In his book the reader will find some things familiar, others that he has read and forgotten, and much more that he has never seen or heard of. Mr. Partington has, of course, predecessors, little known but diligent collectors. Even the gaudy and banal world of advertisement has been softened into literature by tobacco, and Cope's *Tobacco Plant* contains some good things. This and other sources are used with discrimination, and the Bibliography at the end shows research.

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Tory weekly), *October* 4

Poets smoke and say nothing about it, — Tennyson once left Florence because he could not get there his usual tobacco, — but the school of light verse is eloquent on the subject. Calverley, the master, is followed by J. K. S., a worthy disciple, and Calverley remains with Lamb at the head of the verse-masters of the fragrant fume: —

> Cats may have had their goose
> Cooked by tobacco juice;
> Still, why deny its use,
> Thoughtfully taken?
> We're not as tabbies are:
> Smith, take a fresh cigar!
> Jones, the tobacco jar!
> Here's to thee, Bacon!

Bacon, says a note, was 'a worthy Cambridge tobacconist.' Not so worthy, perhaps, as Prince Florizel; but capable of supplying a good rime, and invaluable mixtures which have long since faded into the limbo of fashionable and forgotten things. The cat killed by tobacco juice impressed Mr. Pepys and the Royal Society, but he also saw a horse foundered with the staggers which recovered marvelously with tobacco blown in its nose. Tales against tobacco are legion, but the only practical guide we know to *The Intellectual Life* tells us that its writer was more affected by tea and coffee than by smoking.

The Anthology has some neat things said in verse, such as Herman Melville's

> Care is all stuff:—
> Puff! Puff!
> The puff is enough: —
> Puff! Puff!

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But the prose of the volume is a real addition, and the reminiscences of great and small are welcome. The heart goes out to the Sussex rustic who, in search of a holiday, sat on a mixen and smoked all day. One of the best anecdotes is that of Kingsley at Eversley. Suddenly saying, 'I must smoke a pipe,' he went to a furze bush, dug out a clay, smoked it solemnly, and replaced it in one of several caches of the sort he had about the parish. This is not generally believed; so it is as well to add that the incident belongs to the life of an Archbishop.

Two striking examples may be added to Mr. Partington's parade of men of letters. In that strange mixture called *Biographia Literaria* Coleridge includes his travels to get subscriptions for his new periodical, *The Watchman*. At Birmingham he dined with a party of tradesmen, and later was entreated to smoke, though he protested he had only tried herb tobacco once or twice.

> On the assurance, however, that the tobacco was equally mild, and seeing too that it was of a yellow color (not forgetting the lamentable difficulty I have always experienced in saying 'No' and in abstaining from what the people about me are doing), I took half a pipe, filling the lower half of the bole with salt. I was soon, however, compelled to resign it.

He recovered, only to sink into a swoon.

> And thus I lay, my face like a wall that is whitewashing, *deathly* pale, and with the cold drops of perspiration running down from my forehead.

When he did feel all right, the touter for *The Watchman* explained his doubts whether any Christian ought to read 'either newspapers or any other works of merely political and temporary interest.'

The most persistent smoker among modern men of letters was probably Mark Twain, of whom Howells writes: —

> He always went to bed with a cigar in his mouth, and sometimes, mindful of my fire insurance, I went up and took it away, still burning, after he had fallen asleep. I do not know how much a man may smoke and live, but apparently he smoked as much as a man could, for he smoked incessantly.

Such indulgence reminds one of the war, which made the cigarette into a nervous habit rather than a pleasure, or of the A1 gent Mr. Pickwick met in the Fleet Prison, who never left off smoking, even at his meals. Mr. Partington has recorded the surprise of Dickens at seeing American and smoking ladies at a Geneva hotel in 1846. Nowadays such a vision would be nothing 'to write home about,' as the vulgar put it. But women, I read the other day, never smoke at so serious an affair as a display of dresses. Dickens told Forster a striking instance of a pipe inseparable from its owner. He got up some sports, in which a man with a pipe in his mouth came in second for the hurdles, and explained that without it he would have been nowhere. Dickens, typical of the free and easy man of letters, wrote to Bulwer-Lytton in 1865 from Gadshill, 'Smoking regarded as a personal favor to the family.' Lytton figures in these pages with a eulogy of smoking which has become familiar. There is another as good in *What Will He Do with It?* where Gentleman Waife, philosopher and vagabond, makes the comparison between women and tobacco which Kipling has put into verse: —

> And I have been servant of Love for barely a twelvemonth clear,
> But I have been priest of Partagas a matter of seven year.

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The crisis does not arise nowadays, for probably she smokes, and, if she does not, Stevenson, put skillfully next to Kipling's verses, declares the perhaps golden rule that 'no woman should marry a teetotaler, or a man who does not smoke.'

It is possible at a pinch to smoke anything, just as the Highlander said that there was no such thing as bad whiskey; but a confirmed smoker, confronted in Germany with a mixture made up of cigar-ends, had to refuse it after the first whiff, and to remember in condonation that Bismarck once in war time met a man wandering when it was death to be caught, and let him off because he was in pursuit of tobacco. Of all authors who were smokeless Horace best deserved the solace of tobacco, and 'Anon' has a pretty set of verses in his vein. 'Mæcenas bids his friend to dine,' and does not encourage the foolish moderns who insult decent wine with bad cigarettes. Mr. Partington does not include much of foreign origin. Balzac made his dilettante sculptor in *La Cousine Bette* smoke, 'like all the people who have vexations or energy to lull,' and the terribly wise Vautrin told a young man on the point of suicide that 'God has given us tobacco to lull our passions and our griefs.' To Balzac we owe also the description of fine dreams of unaccomplished works as 'enchanted cigars.'

Beaudelaire's verses on an author's pipe are given in a rendering by Mr. Squire. Another of merit was made by a learned don of Cambridge, who for a time tried the hookah. But the rose water was as distasteful as scented cigarettes, and the honest brier soon ousted these Oriental delights. If Byron found tobacco 'divine' in a hookah, it was only an instance of his remarkable adaptability to foreign tastes. The brier pipe is still in certain places under a ban; but this is mainly a commercial hint that the management supplies cigars and cigarettes. Millais, in the procession of Victoria's first jubilee, smoked a pipe in a carriage, daring rebuke as a great man may.

There are uses of tobacco not popular in this country, which have been enshrined in verse. Colonel Hay in his *Pike County Ballads* presents a child of angelic age marvelously saved when a team of horses ran away. He was found in a shelter for little lambs: —

> And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
> As peart as ever you see,
> 'I want a chaw of terbacker,
> And that's what's the matter of me.'

Such chewing may be a gracious state, but it has its disadvantages. Dickens in a hotel at Washington complained that it was an interesting place but hardly comfortable, adding, 'If spittle could wait at table, we should be nobly attended.' Once a company of expectorators was silently but effectively quelled. As each deposit appeared on the floor, an Englishman stepped forward, without a word, and marked it out with a circle of white chalk.

But it is idle to multiply old saws and modern instances. 'I injy it: you injy talking about it,' said an old gypsy to Watts-Dunton on Snowdon. Talk is needless when we are engaged with My Lady Nicotine. Tobacco is the one thing that leads the English pleasurably to contemplation, a virtue they otherwise seldom practise. We may turn instead with agreeable anticipations to the pages of Mr. Partington, or dream of those ideal selves that we never reach. In a haze of tobacco,

> We grow in worth and wit and sense,
> Unboding critic pen.

We care nothing for the thwacks of destiny.

Fuimus fumus, et omnia somnia.

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ROMANCE

BY J. KILMENY KEITH

[*Bookman*]

Twilight on the river as the ships come sailing by,
Filling every grimy booth with tints of wind and sky;
No trumpets sound for them, and no flags are flown,
But the little ships of London have a magic all their own.

Dingy are the battered hulks, warped each smoky breast,
All the crews are tired men, seeking for a rest,
Strained with years of voyaging, burned by sun and rain,
Hungry for the London streets, steaming home again.

Who shall hear the tales they tell of lands where they have been?
Wharves are all a-quiver now, tugs and barges lean
To see the shining tapestries they 've garnered in the hold —
The third sons of Faëry who found the magic gold.

Not for them the straight ways, office, desk and pen,
But questing after mystery in lands ye may not ken,
Tossing on the green seas, ploughing up the foam —
And the gulls go down to meet them as the ships come sailing home.

Strange skies, and strange lands, these shall be their prey,
And still Adventure waits for them a thousand miles away,
With dreams no man hath captured, and kingdoms yet to win —
Oh, Romance rides up the river when the ships come sailing in!

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FLYING TO PERSIA. III[1]

BY WALTER MITTELHOLZER

January 28. — Luckily we have awakened to find glorious weather. The sharp north wind has fallen somewhat, but the temperature in the shade this morning was only a little above 40° Fahrenheit — an unprecedented phenomenon in Bagdad, which is one of the hottest spots in the world in summer. A British aviator comments, 'It will be a deuced cold flight to Teheran.' He flew in Persia during the war, and does not recall the experience with enthusiasm. Furthermore, Persian maps are famous for their unreliability. Last of all, no aviator has ever flown directly from Bagdad to Teheran.

I make a short trial flight at 8 A.M. to test my new fuel. The motor sings its clear, sharp, metallic song in perfect rhythm. As I discern the snowy mountain-tops to the northward I feel sure of success, and give my English comrades a good-bye handshake full of confidence.

We are flying. As far as the eye reaches nothing but desolate, barren sand cut at intervals by dry river-beds. This kind of country stretches more than 400 kilometres north and south. Here and there are isolated white spots like tiny snow-fields. They are beds of alkali. The caravan routes which radiate from Bagdad like threads of cobweb fade away in faint wavy lines until they are lost in the trackless desert. I have left a few scattered black Bedouin tents behind me, and, ascending to a higher altitude, follow as best I can with compass and chronometer my charted route of 67° north-northeast, toward a line of snowy summits on the horizon. The shortest way will take me between two lofty ranges nearly 3000 metres high to Kermanshah, 300 kilometres from Bagdad — the first important town in Persian territory. It is the key point for the best and most direct air-route to Hamadan and Teheran. Once there I am reasonably sure of the remainder of my course, provided the weather is as good as it is now. So I steer confidently toward the pass already visible, as directly as possible, although it would be safer in case of a forced landing to follow the detours of the automobile road.

At 10.40, just an hour after leaving Hanaidi, I cross at an elevation of 3000 metres the long, rising, terrace-like foothills of the rugged Persian borderlands. They are cut by snowy gullies emptying into the flat desert at their feet. As far as I can see to the northwest and the southeast there is not a level space as broad as my hand in this thirty-kilometre girdle of broken country.

Soon, however, the mountains smooth out a little. I see the gentler contours of broad snow-fields broken by solitary trees ahead. Next for some fifty kilometres we fly over high valleys where there are little isolated settlements. Directly in front of me rises a mighty mountain-chain 3500 metres high. On my left are other peaks apparently still higher. But these Persian mountains lack the elegance, the boldness, the unapproachableness, of our proud Swiss Alps. They have no gla-

[1] From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *March* 11, 12

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ciers, no quiet mountain-lakes, no entrancing valleys.

How wonderfully a man's mind works up here aloft, so far above the ordinary world. Experiences flash into my mind out of the dark abysses of forgetfulness, clear to their slightest details — things I have not thought of since I was a child. It is as if the rare atmosphere of this high elevation, the dizzy whirring of the motor, and the rapid movement of the plane threw the human organism into a higher gear. The perceptive faculties become keener than they are when slowly creeping along the surface of the earth. What I have seen and experienced in an airplane is graven forever on my memory. What I have seen on this trip no earth-bound mortal ever could have seen, though he were to journey over the route I have taken twenty times. The airplane has conquered an entirely new world for man.

At last a white line is visible far below, threading a snow-free valley surrounded by barren mountains — a highway, and a little later a lofty bridge. I cannot identify it from my map, but infer from the fact that I have been two hours en route that I must be approaching Kermanshah. I scan all the nooks and valleys beneath me with eager eyes until suddenly at 12.05 P.M. the town rolls under my wings, commonplace and barren with its yellow clay houses.

I breathe freer now, for Heaven would certainly have forgiven me if I had wandered from the straight and narrow path in these God-forsaken and almost uninhabited mountain-solitudes, where there is not a single conspicuous landmark indicated on my map. The tension is over. I follow a highway, clearly visible until we come to an elevation some 1500 metres high, where the snow completely covers it. At Kangavar, almost completely hidden in the snow, three quarters of an hour farther on, I leave the military road and, flying only about 100 metres above the ground through the icy atmosphere, head directly for lofty Mount Alvand, 3750 metres high. Just beyond lies Hamadan, the second-largest town along my route, situated at an elevation of nearly 2000 metres and likewise buried in snow. At 1.10 P.M. it is directly beneath me. From this point I follow the broad valley of the Kara-Chai River across barren, absolutely lifeless deserts, with high ramparts of distant snow-peaks rolling past me on the right and left. Steering steadily east-northeast, and keeping at as low an altitude as possible on account of the intense cold, I reach at 1.30 the little mountain-town of Kushkak, nestled at the foot of the steep rise to the broad Teheran plateau.

Gradually a broad lake emerges, like a silken green mirror framed in a broad, snow-white rim, from the boundless, harsh red-brown desert. It emerges softly, as through a thin, half-transparent veil — a great salt lake easily eighty kilometres in diameter. Towering beyond it — I can scarcely trust my eyes — rises in robes of glittering white a long range of mountains so lofty and imposing that it seems unreal. The entire range must be well over 5000 metres high, culminating in the bold pyramid of Damavand, towering 18,600 feet above the sea. This is Persia's highest and fairest summit. It stands outlined with startling clearness against the dark-blue cloudless sky. I have heard a great deal about this mighty volcano and have anticipated with keen interest measuring with my own eyes its height and contours. When I actually behold it from my elevation of 2800 metres, from a horizontal distance of 200 kilometres, through this perfectly pure, clear, dry air, I fairly catch my breath with wonder and delight. The scene

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presents the most overpowering, overwhelming combinations of space, magnitude, and beauty that the world affords its dwellers. I feel certain that nothing on the high plateaus of Tibet, not even Mount Everest, the loftiest mountain in the world, can excel this.

This is the climax of all the varied, wonderful experiences of my journey. My faithful plane has brought me in forty hours' actual flying-time from my native Alps, every pinnacle and pass of which is as familiar as my home, to this supernatural wonder in a distant land.

I am also elated with a feeling that the cares and labors of my long flight are practically at an end. In less than an hour I shall be at Teheran, which lies not more than a hundred kilometres away at the foot of this mighty snow pyramid. But man proposes and Allah disposes.

I pass the big salt lake on my right and fly over broad stretches of country spotted with white alkali, which eventually yield to the lifeless, sterile desert already so familiar. From time to time a caravan is visible. After forty minutes I catch sight of the first villages, hardly distinguishable from the earth except by a few scraggly trees. Soon these settlements grow more numerous. A little town with a mosque appears on the gentle rise of a foothill. Its bluish green, pear-shaped dome is visible from a great distance. But my map shows only four villages at wide intervals apart where I can count at least twenty close together. In order not to lose too much time, I decide to land on one of the numerous fields close to a village whose low adobe domes make it look more like a group of ant hills than a European town. The plane skims lightly over several shallow irrigation ditches and settles on the hard frozen ground. As it comes to a stop after bumping over several diagonal furrows, the two forward stays of the landing-frame break at their thin swivel attachments and it settles gently to the ground as easily as a camel.

I could weep over this accident so near to our goal. Bissegger, who was just stepping out when the machine collapsed, is equally astounded and disappointed. Shouting natives crowd out of the mud huts and run toward us. But they stop dead short fifty or sixty feet from the plane and then come slowly forward like cats approaching their prey. A hasty survey of the damage shows at once that only three stays have parted altogether. The wheels, axles, springs, and the planes themselves have not suffered the slightest harm. But how can we make repairs at a place like this, without a forge, a work bench, or even wood to block up the machine, and without knowing a single word of Persian? While Bissegger with great difficulty keeps the fifty or more natives, who seem to have sprung out of the ground by magic, and a host of ill-mannered children from crawling all over the machine, I search my little pocket dictionary for words to inquire how far it is to Teheran. In a few minutes I have a dozen Persians crowded around me all talking at once. They inform me that the city is six *farsah* away in a northwesterly direction.

It was exactly 3 P.M. when we landed. The sun is hot and I suppose I can reach the city in an hour or two, as I assume offhand that a farsah is a kilometre. But I have to offer a gold sovereign before I can get a single one of the Persians to accompany me. Bissegger remains behind with the plane. He told me later that he had finally to resort to his belt to drive away the mob that crowded around the machine. My guide is a man about forty years old, clad in broad, baggy trousers and a long yellow-brown coat, and wearing a bell-shaped felt cap, from under which his

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hair falls down in long bushy locks. He starts off cross-lots over ploughed fields and irrigation ditches at a rapid rate. There is not a road in sight. After an hour and a half's silent pacing, during which we pass several rather interesting old ruins, including massive round towers with magnificent ornamentation, we come to another village surrounded by a mud wall some six feet high. Here my guide leads me into a courtyard surrounded by a still higher mud wall. I catch a glimpse of two women scampering off, and pass through a narrow door with a rug portière into a room with no furnishing but a box and niches for benches in the wall. My guide murmurs some incomprehensible words and invites me to sit down upon a rug spread over the box and immediately takes off his boots, motioning to me to do the same.

This sudden interruption in our journey does not please me in the least. I want to reach Teheran as soon as possible, and vainly try to make the man understand that I must get to the capital to-day. But I only extract from him a stoical, calmly reiterated 'Tehran!' So I have no choice but to accept the situation with Mussulman resignation. The last red rays of the sun rise higher and higher upon the snowy summits of Mount Damavand to the northward, then gradually expire — and night, my first night on the high Persian plateau, descends with startling suddenness, wrapping everything in darkness and silence.

At length a shrill woman's voice calls from the courtyard. My Persian friend goes out and returns with a glowing brazier, opens the box, and drops the livid coals into an opening in the interior. Then he invites me to put my hands and feet under the rug that covers it. Squatting down — the normal position of all Persians, who use no chairs or tables — with our backs supported by cushions, we sit silently facing each other. Since our arrival, however, word that a 'devil man from the air' is in the village has got about and the inhabitants of the village, or they may be relatives of the people with whom we are stopping, come in, one after another, silently but with courteous gestures, and squat down with their feet and hands under the warm rug. As the ice is broken they begin to converse and smoke, passing long pipes or cigarettes, which they roll themselves, from mouth to mouth. Each one, on lighting a fresh pipe, immediately hands it to me for the first pull, whereupon the next recipient feels himself highly honored. They all stare at me steadily with awe-struck, serious faces. My watch, my automatic cigar-lighter, my flashlight, my pocket knife, my memorandum book, excite their utmost wonder. I begin to pick out words in my Persian dictionary and ask for eggs and bread. The women outside prepare them and bring them in on a plate. The Persians know nothing of steaks, and they eat everything with their fingers — with the greatest delicacy and ceremony. I am keenly aware that my awkwardness when eating without a knife and fork amuses them immensely. By this time I have puzzled out enough of the language to learn that the village where we descended is Damsobod, and that Teheran is six farsah, of six and a half kilometres each, or about forty kilometres, away. We are to leave at sunrise the following morning and shall reach the city by noon.

About 8 P.M. the company withdraws. I lie down on one of the long sides of the *kursih*, or heating box, while my guide, whose name I discover to be Aliekba, lies down on the other side, without removing his clothes. It is warm and comfortable and I soon fall asleep. The next morning a great

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tin samovar is heated by invisible female hands and passed through the curtains into our apartment. My Persian stirs up the coals in the kursih with a poker and the room is speedily warm again — a marvelously effective and economical contrivance! A cloth — not scrupulously clean — is spread over the rug on the kursih, the Persian says his morning prayer, during which he stretches himself at full length four or five times on the ground, and we breakfast with an excellent appetite on brown bread and tea.

January 29. — When we set forth at 7 A.M. the white bare limbs of the great elms in the courtyard seem all afire in the first rays of the rising sun. A deep-blue cloudless heaven bends over the broad plateau. A homelike breath of snow from the distant mountains tickles my Swiss nostrils. No wonder I feel happy and satisfied with the world, in spite of yesterday's mischance. Again we start at a rapid pace cross-lots, over ploughed fields, frozen streams, and stretches of uncultivated land, and past picturesque villages. We meet several long caravans. At the end of two hours my guide becomes tired and at the first village which is connected by a traversible highway with the capital he negotiates for a cab. I have to pay two gold pieces in advance, knowing all the while that I am being mercilessly robbed. But I am helpless under the circumstances. About 1 P.M. we reach the capital, passing through Shah Abdul Azim, a place of pilgrimage connected with Teheran by a railway six kilometres long — the only line in a country forty times as large as Switzerland.

As my driver knows only the German Legation, he takes me and my companion thither. All dusty and dirty, I drop down into the midst of a fashionable wedding-party. It is a rather odd contrast to my experiences of the previous day. After I have paid my guide the promised amount, I discover to my surprise that he has another bill for twenty-two tomans, something like thirty dollars, which he demands on the ground that he has expended this amount to pay twenty people whom he hired before leaving to look after the airplane, and for our entertainment en route. But the German Minister, when informed of this, promptly sends the fellow about his business.

The next day, accompanied by two machinists and an interpreter, I am taken back to Damsobad in a Junker passenger airplane. Already the Persian Government had dispatched soldiers posthaste to guard our property; for otherwise it would have been impossible to control the immense mob that had assembled.

Jacking up our machine, we take the broken stays to Teheran, where they are repaired at the military arsenal. Returning again, we replace them and fly back to the capital in fifteen minutes, where I loop the loop several times over the city to give the host of spectators a sensation.

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CARNIVAL IN BUENOS AIRES[1]

BY LISA DUB

CARNIVAL, carnival, carnival, everywhere! You cannot escape it. Buenos Aires has changed her whole appearance. For this city, though it is international, is a great seaport, and lies on the exotic La Plata, is usually a prosaic and sensible sort of town. I know this statement will disappoint — and be doubted by — those of my readers who have formed their ideas from dime novels and cinema shows. Possibly, too, they may be thinking of Rio de Janeiro. Rio is honestly and truly a fairyland city, a true cradle of romance, nestled in the depths of the wonderful maze of contours and colors that form her harbor, behind protecting Sugar Loaf. Even her Customhouse is a rose-tinted fairyland castle. Breezes waft across her bay the heavy fragrance of tropical forests, of unknown flowers and fruits and vegetation. But people who transfer all this exotic beauty from Rio de Janeiro to Buenos Aires would do well to study a plan of the Argentine metropolis. They will find it a clear, logical, geometrical gridiron of straight streets crossing at right angles, except where the winding La Plata causes a little disorder in its symmetry. That settles the question, for whoever heard of geometry and romance going together?

Yet romance-writers who put their heroes and heroines in Buenos Aires are not entirely wrong, so long as they confine the tales to one particular season — the Carnival.

This morning the postman brought me twenty-three invitations from exclusive social, political, literary, or church societies inviting me to annual functions connected with the Carnival. Several promise interesting attractions, prizes for the best dancer and the most interesting costume. Nearly every club, restaurant, cinema, even each modest lunchroom, has its masked ball. Sarrasani's Circus, which has become a prosperous fixture in the city, has the same. And the ladies get in almost free — not so strange in a country where they are in the minority.

At almost every street-corner in Buenos Aires one can read this inscription: *Está prohibido fijar carteles* — 'Post no bills'; that is, he could read it if it were not completely concealed by placards announcing carnival events. But even without them he would know what was coming. Newsboys jump on and off street cars like little monkeys, shouting special editions of the popular illustrated papers: '*El Hogar! Caras y Caretas!* Twenty centavos. *Fray Mocho? Titbits?*' The shops, instead of advertising 'complete closing-out sales,' which ordinarily seem to be their regular business, offer special reduced prices and 'unique opportunities' in view of the approaching carnival. At night electric cinema advertisements are thrown high up on the sides of buildings, all vociferating in blatant glare, 'Carnival, carnival, carnival!'

Naturally the daily papers take up the chorus. Carnival articles have displaced the three ordinary themes of journalistic wisdom — hard times, poli-

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna National-Liberal daily), *March* 29

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tics, and high prices. The political editor reports that ex-President Irigoyen, leader of the Radical Party and bitter enemy of President Alvear, has postponed a projected trip to Cordoba on account of the Carnival. Not that he would sacrifice the journey in order to be in Buenos Aires at that interesting time, but he fears an attempt on his life.

Indeed, there is ample evidence that the native's knife sticks loosely in his belt on this occasion. The police have published strict regulations against maskers carrying arms or otherwise misconducting themselves. They have also forbidden carrying national flags or emblems in carnival processions — an ordinance that has provoked a lively debate in the press. Society columns are filled with announcements of carnival balls and descriptions of the costumes of the 'distinguished guests.' The police are overworked, for a carnival is always preceded by an epidemic of thefts, committed by people who simply must have money to fulfill their social obligations on that occasion.

Even the remotest suburbs and poorest slums — indeed, more conspicuously there than anywhere else — are astir with preparations. In spite of the blazing February sun of Argentina's midsummer, every family is busy cutting and sewing, stitching some scrap of brilliant gaudiness upon a threadbare garment. Man's primitive yearning for novelty, for what is nomadic and gypsylike, for irresponsible gayety, will not be repressed.

Let us join the procession of merrymakers that fills the streets. It is a most democratic crowd and a democratic occasion. Every window, every balcony, is brightly lighted. Every child, even the poorest, has rolls of paper streamers in his hand. One can well understand why the poor should delight in masquerading more than the rich, for the mask is a badge of equality. During the Carnival all labor ceases, all business houses are closed. On Shrove Tuesday even the newspapers are not printed, although they never miss a Sunday or an ordinary holiday. That shows the intense Southern enthusiasm with which the Argentinians celebrate this festival. Nowhere else except in Spain and Italy is it so honored. A strain of wildness, inherited perhaps from the Roman Lupercalia, still tingles in the blood of the people — a ferment incomprehensible to us cold Northerners.

Avenida de Mayo, the chief thoroughfare of Buenos Aires, is naturally the iridescent focus of the fête. Its broad smooth pavements, always brilliantly illuminated, now shimmer from end to end in the dazzling brilliance of a spotlight that throws every face and costume and mask into high relief. Cascades of shifting, pulsating colored light flood the passing throng from neighboring balconies and windows. Multicolored lamps hang in unbroken chains from the Plaza de Mayo into the far reaches beyond the Plaza del Congreso. Grotesque carnival-pictures grimace in the dancing luminance. It is an orgy, a riot of light.

Each year this illumination grows more prodigal. During the present carnival the hundred thousand lamps along the Avenida represent about four and one-half million candle-power. The municipal lighting alone on this single street consumed five thousand kilowatts an hour. This is an item to set men thinking, for the city must postpone desirable improvements this season for lack of money. Mounted policemen are everywhere, keeping order. Carriages and automobiles roll past in close procession. A fee is charged for a ticket admitting a vehicle to the *corso* on carnival nights. Each

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driver wears his stuck conspicuously in his hatband. Hundreds and hundreds of public conveyances are hired for the occasion. People stand in line eager to pay a few pesos for the privilege of riding up and down the Avenue in nonchalant elegance.

Can this be the city, then, where hundreds of people wear holes in their shoes hunting for work at a mere pittance, sufficient to keep hunger from the door? Can this great metropolis be in the trough of a business depression? Who knows how many of the gentlemen who ride so proudly up and down the Avenue to-night would turn a corner to avoid meeting their shoemaker or baker? None the less, the Avenue is packed with vehicles gorgeously decorated with paper flowers or real flowers, in such close procession that they can creep forward only at a snail's pace. A glance at the occupants of a neighboring vehicle, or at the dense crowd on the sidewalks, a hurried dip into a bag of confetti, a well-tossed roll of paper streamers, and the procession moves on again. *Vamos, vamos!*

Let us scrutinize the costumes a little closer. Naturally there are the inevitable shepherds and shepherdesses, Swiss mountaineers, innocent-looking dairymaids, uncountable rococo ladies with farthingales and patched faces, the perspiration visible at the edge of their white perukes, sturdy Brittany peasant girls in correct native costumes, sulphur-yellow imps and impesses, placid Chinamen, real Negroes, innumerable clowns of every variety, pierrots and their pierrettes. Besides these more conventional disguises are many of a more original and fantastic character — for example, bottles and fans, including many electric fans. The latter are a cheap and comfortable device these hot nights, for the only distinctive thing about them is a sort of buzzing propeller on top of the head.

Many of the costumes harmonize perfectly with the local character. Where are the sumptuous national garbs of Spain more truly part of the picture than here among these typical Peninsula features and figures? Where do long earrings, a high comb, a lace mantilla, and a huge fan find a more suitable background? Here is a party of ladies and gentlemen forming a group that might have just stepped out of Spanish colonial times. Even more original are the simple Argentinian national costumes. Often have I seen them in remote corners of the Pampas, worn by true Gauchos galloping headlong to a dance at the nearest village in full gala array — a red-silk handkerchief carefully tied around the neck, a broad-brimmed sombrero with a leather strap to keep it on, high-top boots and glittering spurs. Even the horse wears a holiday harness, with tinkling bells on bridle and saddle. I recall the romantic *troperos*, who ride the broad unpopulated ranges with herds of half-wild cattle. Their only visible garb is a thick poncho — a square, reddish-brown blanket with a hole in the centre for the head — that serves at once as a cloak, raincoat, and bedcover. I have often had Gauchos and troperos ride up to my own cabin, but never quite so fastidiously clad as these imitations, who prance proudly up and down the Avenue, throwing paper streamers right and left.

A touch of genuineness characterizes likewise another popular group — an Office of the Holy Inquisition with its complete personnel. Less distinctive are *maucamo* and *mucana* parties, of butlers and maids, and other conventional make-ups, ladies of the harem, flowers, robber chiefs, and peasants. On the other hand, the

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Indians in feathers and moccasins, the thick-lipped Negroes, and the real Gallegos in their national costumes, look so much at home here that one hardly thinks of them as masked.

A stranger familiar with European carnivals is sure to note the relatively large number of children among these masqueraders. Tiny tots hardly big enough to walk are magnificently decked out: delightful babies, jaunty jockeys on tiny ponies, sturdy little Gallegos, butterflies, blossoms, haughty hidalgos, plump black-eyed cavaliers of the colonial times with beaver hats taller than themselves. More than that, there are special children's parades in which only children can take part, where prizes are given. A charming spectacle — but this night life and these late hours I leave for sober parents at home to ponder on.

In general the spectator has the best of it. The maskers must find their finery dreadfully oppressive these hot nights, and a source of expense as well. But the spectator has a free show. He must keep moving, — as fast as the closely packed sidewalks permit, — for the police insist on that; but his only discomfort is from the crowd and the dust, unless he is trodden upon by the hoofs of a policeman's horse, when the officer rides back the pedestrians in order to keep the driveways clear.

This spectacle lasts hours and hours. The endless procession of vehicles drags past in an unbroken column. Pavements, platforms, street lamps, balconies, become thickly carpeted or festooned with colored streamers. Carts constantly carry off the gay litter, but nevertheless it grows deeper and deeper.

Avenida de Mayo's corso is the most imposing and elaborate, but it has competitors. Belgrano has its parade on the Cabildo; Villa Develo, Olivos, and Boca likewise have their own. When we consider that many business men and employees take advantage of a half-week's holiday to go into the country, that the upper ten thousand have their exclusive private affairs, and that every masked ball is crowded, it is really astonishing that all these corsos should be so densely thronged.

In the later hours of the night — or better said, the early hours of the morning — the streets become a little emptier but no quieter. Quite the contrary. The powdered maskers in elegant equipages have by this time found their way to some ballroom. Their place is taken by noisy groups prone to play rough pranks, whose laughter easily changes to abuse and fisticuffs. Now is the time for the *pesquizas* — the plain-clothes police — to keep their eyes open.

To-morrow and day after to-morrow, the second and third days of the Carnival, the same thing will be repeated.

Soon after midnight, when the wind brings the first cooler breath from the harbor into the hot throbbing streets of the city, I escape from the dusty, glaring, colorful, riotous tumult of the corso to a little dark *fonda* down near the wharves, where one can get most excellent *empanadas* — and, besides, would never know there was such a thing as a carnival in existence.

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THE HISTORY OF THE DEVIL[1]

BY OSCAR VON WERTHEIMER

THE Devil, the clever lord of evil, the great betrayer, the cold-blooded slayer of souls, has twice been tumbled from the summit of his power. The first time, as is explicitly set forth in the Book of Revelation xii. 1–7, and also in the Book of Enoch shortly before the Christian era, he was driven out by God on account of his haughtiness. The second time he met with mishap because he had exercised a horrible and unendurable tyranny over mankind. The men who, in the eighteenth century, drove him back into the hell from which he had emerged, and thereby liberated mankind from his sway, deserve to live in the memory of their posterity. They were a German physician named Weier; the Jesuit, Friedrich Spee; the priest of the Reformed Church, Balthasar Becker; toward the end of the sixteenth century, Montaigne and Spinoza; and toward the turn of the seventeenth century, the Halle jurist, Thomasius — of whom Frederick the Great said that he had given women a chance to grow old with a feeling of security. In the age of enlightenment, Voltaire, with his all-annihilating scorn, took up the task.

Nowadays we may occasionally declare that young women are 'full of the Devil,' but in the centuries when people really believed in the Devil's power they preferred to think that it was the old women who were filled with him and through whose agency he managed his terrible handiwork. The Devil, as a gallant betrayer of beautiful women, as a charmer, as a polished man of the world, is simply a remnant of this old belief in the Devil, a sign that once again people dare to make sport a little of that being under whose might they sighed so long. The Devil, according to Franz Molnar, or even the Mephistopheles of Goethe, has nothing left of those appalling features which the seventeenth-century Satan still possessed; and although the ladies are always wildly enthusiastic over every tempter, especially if he has a diabolic character, they have no reason to be especially grateful to the genuine Devil — I mean the one who never existed, but who nevertheless terrified the world for centuries. For it was in this barbaric period that women were treated worst. Attempts were made to prove by every conceivable device their baseness and inferiority. A rabbi maintained that they had been created at the same time as the Devil — an accusation which to-day may seem to have something flattering about it, but we must not forget that in those days to be put in the same saucepan as the Devil meant being cooked or roasted with him too. In the *Hexenhammer*, a treatise on the nature of witchcraft, a book that would speedily free anyone who seriously believed in the human understanding from that extraordinary superstition, the Latin word *femina* is derived from *fem*, which is held to be the same as *fides* or faith, and *minus*, that is less. In other words, women deserve less confidence than men. This illuminating fact is at least quite as scientific as the etymology of a monk

[1] From *Pester Lloyd* (Budapest German-Hungarian daily), *January* 14

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who derives the Latin word *mulier* from *mollis*, or soft, and draws the conclusion that woman has a heart of wax and hence may be compared to sculptor's clay to which one can give any form. But in its deep wisdom the *Hexenhammer*, which sets out to smite the witches and in so doing contrives to smite all mankind, has also discovered the reason why woman is inclined to be faithless: 'As a matter of fact, she was made from a crooked rib, and hence has a natural inclination to corrupt ways.' What can be said against such irrefutable arguments? The only queer thing is that all this absurdity ended in the assigning of a sceptre to such a spirit as the Devil. If the Devil could have talked, he would have probably protested against all the qualities that were attributed to him, for there was nothing ridiculous or perverse or eccentric, no quality monstrous or horrible, that was not straightway declared to be his.

How did the Devil get such a reputation? The most ancient Hebrew documents know nothing of the Devil. In their Babylonian captivity, however, the Jews came for the first time in contact with the Persian religion, taking from it the principle of dualism, and borrowing also the conception of the Devil. In the prologue to the Book of Job the Devil for the first time appears as God's servant, and in the book of Zechariah as the personification of divine anger.

Then belief in the Devil takes a step backward, only to reappear on the scene in the Book of Enoch. But with the beginning of the Middle Ages the Devil rises in the world considerably. The conception of two kingdoms — the dark realm of Satan, and the bright realm of Christ whose task it is to overthrow the kingdom of Satan — developed more and more. The development of Satan's realm did not, however, go forward with equal speed everywhere. The obvious source from which it could be developed was heathendom. Everything that was heathen, or at least a good deal that was heathen, was lumped together by Christianity as devilish. It was simply a matter of dethroning the gods of the ancient heathen and barbarian peoples and degrading them as evil spirits. Many of these evil spirits, however, long lived an independent existence and did not join the Devil's retinue. In Italy there were some of them for whom a table was adorned at which children were received, and in France there were others whom it was customary to invite to weddings. The German house-spirit looked after the cows, cut wood, helped in the field and garden, and in payment for this labor used to sleep in the fireplace of an evening.

But as the Middle Ages advanced, the Devil's power became correspondingly greater and correspondingly wider. Although Origen believed in the eventual conversion of the Devil, this theory must have been rejected as early as the sixth century. If anyone achieved honor and riches swiftly and unexpectedly, people immediately concluded that the Devil had a hand in it. The same was true of anyone who suddenly became ill or decrepit. Men of unusual ability were believed to be in league with Satan, and people even went so far as to accuse the Popes themselves. It was said that Clement VI in 1342, one year before his death, received an autograph letter from the Devil. It is in the thirteenth century we find for the first time mention of a compact with the Devil, written in blood, but thereafter a great deal of blood was spilled over belief in the Devil, often voluntarily — far more frequently involuntarily. On December 5, 1485, Pope Innocent VIII issued a bull wherein he directed that all

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witches should be rooted out, and then began the terrible period of persecutions for witchcraft. No single individuals bear the guilt for all the monstrous deeds that then took place; for although there is no doubt that in these deeds many a man gave free hand to his lower instincts or perhaps to a craving for personal revenge, the whole world, with occasional exceptions, was possessed with the belief in witches leagued with the Devil. It is known, of course, that King Koloman did not care to believe in witches, and remarked: '*De strigis, quæ non sunt, nulla questio fiat.*' But monarchs like King James I, the son of Mary Stuart, who thought that the Devil was after his royal self on account of his religious zeal, took a special satisfaction in encouraging executions for witchcraft. An even greater monarch than he, Friedrich II, did not think it beneath his dignity to light the fire about the stakes of the heretics. The various centuries have quite different ideas as to what works are really pleasing to God, and King James must have been somewhat simple-minded, for it was his chief delight to have these poor burned and tortured women tell him that the Devil said to them in good French: '*Jacques*' — that is himself — '*est un homme de Dieu,*' or '*Jacques est le plus grand ennemi que Satan ait au monde.*' No one need be surprised to learn that the Devil spoke French. Le Sage's Devil observed: 'I speak all the languages perfectly. I understand Hebrew, Turkish, Arabic, and Greek, but I am not proud of it, and I am no pedant. That is where I am superior to your scholars.'

The Devil's rule has long since vanished, but even to-day many of his utterances still have their force. There used to be a general belief that the Devil disguised himself in the form of an animal. He used to amuse himself by taking the form of a wolf, or a dog, or a pig, of a rat, or a mouse. People also believed that the Devil brought all manner of insects and other pests to destroy the crops. Upon one occasion, when the grubs and worms had wrought untold destruction in the vicinity of Lausanne, they were three times publicly ordered from the puplit to appear six days later in the afternoon, as the clock was striking one, either in person or through a representative. Sad to say, the insects were impertinent enough to pay no attention at all to this summons. A court, however, was set up in full form, with prosecutor and defender, and a regular trial was held, in which, it is not hard to understand, the insects lost; whereupon they were formally cursed and ordered to leave the fields at once. But they were such hardened sinners that they did not carry out the order, and came back again the next year to lay the fields waste once more. In Provence the grasshoppers, which came in great numbers, were dealt with in the same way, and their appearance was promptly laid at the Devil's door, both in the temporal and the spiritual courts. In the year 1474 a court in Basel even condemned a rooster to be burned to death for dealings with the Devil.

How can one be surprised at the credulity of the general run of mankind when so keen and sturdy an intellect as Luther was thoroughly convinced that the Devil existed? Luther came upon him in the night, while he was making a dreadful disturbance with a bag of hazelnuts. Again, in the cloister at Wittenberg, while Luther was studying, the Devil made such a racket for so long a time that Luther finally closed his book and went to bed; but when he had done so, he was provoked to think that he had yielded to the rascal. Luther dealt with countless

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devils: country devils, princely devils, legal and theological devils.

There used to be serious-minded people who went to all the trouble of counting up how many devils there are in the world. In the year 1569 appeared a book from the pen of a man who had obviously had excellent opportunities of informing himself, in which the total number was declared to be 7,450,926. We can only hope that the author made no mistake in his mathematics. How deeply people used to believe that everything harmful was the Devil's handiwork is shown by the fact that in the beginning the potato was called a devil-root, and the first people to smoke tobacco were declared to be making their mouths Satan's smoke-catchers. Even in the eighteenth century belief in the Devil was still lively and widespread.

Perhaps, however, it is well for us not to be too haughty in our judgment of faith in a personal Devil. 'People never think the Devil is near until he has them by the throat.' Who knows what devil has us by the neck without our so much as suspecting it?

The Devil was indeed a many-sided gentleman. He was a betrayer, an agent of punishment, a scholar, a mocker, and an unqualified genius to boot. He held out against God and man combined for nearly two thousand years. Though he himself went down to defeat at last, his kingdom — that is, the kingdom of evil — has never yet been overthrown; and though we no longer personify evil as Ahriman, like the ancient Persians in the Zend-Avesta, or as Tiphon, like the Egyptians, or as the snake Sissiah, like the Indians, nevertheless we all believe in evil more than we believe in good; and the difference between ourselves and those who personified evil is simply this — that we are a little more skeptical over our struggle with it and our emancipation from it, because we have come to understand the most potent source of evil, a being that we must eventually learn to understand — and that is man himself.

A NEW CYTHEREA[1]

BY FILIPPO SACCHI

At six in the morning a shadow darkened my cabin door. I was only half awake, and my first glimpse of the slender white-clad figure that gently pushed aside the curtains billowing in the silent morning breeze suggested an apparition — some winged messenger from another sphere. But a rasp of Scotch brogue quickly dispelled that illusion and brought me back to reality. 'We are entering Tahiti, sir. Do you want your bath at once?'

We always remember a lady as she was dressed the last time we saw her, and an island as it first breaks upon our vision. I shall always recall Tahiti as it looked from the deck that morning — fresh, dewy, just washed, as if it had that moment risen from the sea. The sun still lingered behind the mountains, and the cool, humid air was but half illumined by the tropic dawn. The sea

[1] From *Corriere della Sera* (Milan Liberal daily), *March* 26.

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was smooth as glass, except for a slender border of surf that followed the coral reef until lost to sight beyond palm-serrated promontories, like a long crack in a glistening mirror. Far away on the opposite horizon was outlined the mass of another island, Murea, hovering there with such unsubstantial crystalline transparency that it looked like a reflection in the sky. The whole scene hung suspended, transfixed in an inexpressibly calm and ethereal light, so that I thought to myself: 'At last, the land of eternal morning!'

But we had hardly entered the bay when the sun bounded above the mountain tops and poured its beams torrentially upon the sea, which responded to the deluge with a million flashes and dimples. It was a gracious coincidence, for to enter a tropical port without the sun is like entering a house without its master.

My first impression, the most powerful at the moment, was of odors. When the sun struck the wharf planks and the galvanized-iron shed-roofs, it provoked a sort of aromatic explosion of a hundred mingled scents — copra, gasoline, pineapples, and what not mysterious products besides. This hot, heavy, pungent, oleaginous fragrance of strange, fruity, foreign-smelling things, so strong as to seem almost tangible, is one's first sensation upon arriving at these tropic isles.

The moment the gangway touches the wharf a mob of stevedores rushes aboard — towering black bodies in belted shirts charging like a gang of boarding pirates through the passengers who are waiting on deck with panamas and kodaks, eager to land. Official formalities follow; the quarantine doctor, the customs examiner, and the company's agent come aboard. A second wave of visitors follows at their heels: people hastening to greet relatives or friends; Tahitan women in terrible toilettes of yellow, pink, and blue; half-caste boys wearing sailor caps, with great bouquets in their hands; and Chinamen coming to get laundry which they are to return that night, who listen with their shining ivory faces as impassive as statues to a volley of injunctions to 'be back at six o'clock *sure*.'

A little aside stands a group in white uniforms — youthful, haggard, mischievous faces, shaded by broad-brimmed colonial hats. They are Frenchmen. We exchange greetings and news. '*Vous avez de jolies femmes, dans votre bateau?*'

I like the English very much, although to my mind they have two faults — they never pronounce their language right, and they almost always make their letter paper so it won't fit their envelopes. But blood is blood, and this parenthesis of fellow Latins in my long voyage upon a British boat is a welcome interlude. I begin to look around. *Place de la Mutualité, Rue du Maréchal Joffre, Quai du Commerce.* By Jove, where am I? In Nantes, Bordeaux, or Dunkirk? This imitation of a subprefecture displaced in the tropics ten thousand miles away, this intermingling of Touraine mansards and Normandy campaniles with Tahiti verandahs and the broad blossoming umbrellas of the Maru-Marus, is both charming and suggestive in its picturesque disharmony. I stop at the first corner to read a poster. It is in French, with a translation in the native tongue below. The management of the Casino announces an entertainment, — moving pictures from eight to nine, and dancing from nine to eleven, — concluding with this reassuring statement: '*Ces agréables réunions ne s'écarteront jamais du bon ton.*' I study a little group that has stopped to read the poster, — a shirt-

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sleeved boy in boating-costume; a barefoot girl with thick Melanesian lips and coffee-colored complexion, wearing a European hat trimmed in frightful colors; and an almost jet-black Tahitan boy, — and speculate what this mixture of races will come to socially. I ask myself if France may not ultimately instill into these people practical bourgeois utilitarianism, the love of middle-class material comfort that forms the basis of French character.

That thought recurred to me a little later when a French official with whom I was talking told me the most important thing the administration was doing just then was compiling a general list of all taxable property in the Islands. That was a flash of revelation. Oh, Saint Tax-collector, thou who governest the affairs of men and beasts, thou who givest laws to the uttermost bounds of the earth, thou true presiding deity of civilization! Thou thus takest under thy care this sunny world of dreams, and thy index files gather to their bosom even the feathery cocopalms and the clinging tropic vines!

I am not sure that this list of taxable property, when finished five or six years hence, will be used to advance another scheme of the colonial government, to levy an annual tax of one per cent upon the value of all arable land not under cultivation in order to make the natives more industrious, but I now for the first time fully appreciate what a valiant protagonist of civilization the tax-collector is. On second thought, however, I see certain advantages in not being civilized.

This half-commercial, half-bureaucratic spirit of the French colonial administration, this effort — shared more or less by all European colonial governments — to make the native an integral part of our modern economic organism, used to cause the unhappy painter Gauguin paroxysms of rage. That temperamental hermit-artist, who deserted his Paris studio to seek untrammeled freedom in this tropic isle, was a mortal enemy of realism in either art or life. I too have come to Tahiti with my head full of literary reminiscences and exotic enthusiasms. Yes, it is time to break completely with our mouldering and decadent civilization, which only dulls the senses and degrades the brain. Let us get back to terrestrial paradise, to virgin, untrammeled nature, where man lives in a perfect equilibrium of his instincts and his capacities, unspoiled by machinery and monetary cares, in the unalloyed bliss of true patriarchalism!

Just as I reached this conclusion, I sauntered into a café to order a glass of beer, and saw on the wall a sign saying *Aita e Tarahu* — 'No credit given.' Adieu, fond dreams! They vanished like a flash. The moment those words enter the human vocabulary, the moment the distinction between mine and thine arrives, good-bye to primitive life. A few decades of this sort of thing and we shall see the last Tahitan transformed into an honest *petit bourgeois*, who pays taxes, wears clothes bought from the great shops on the boulevard, takes an *apéritif* before his meals, and visits the *Cinéma des Bambous* to see the President of the Republic drive down the Champs Élysées or the Queen's cortège at the fête of the midinettes.

Naturally a man like Gauguin, who came here in quest of the most tragic experience that an Occidental can seek, to flee civilization and return to barbarism, — and Gauguin did it honestly, leaving his bones in this soil, while conventional Lotis merely take one sip from the cup and hasten home to capitalize their sensations, — resented indignantly discovering that Tahiti is a country of great economic possibil-

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ities, that New Cytherea furnishes the world with half its vanilla and has a soil and a climate ideal for every tropical crop from cocoa to bananas, and from cotton to sugar cane. But that is the universal irony of fate.

The Governor of Tahiti, whose jurisdiction covers the Society and Marquesas Islands, told me that their foreign trade had increased from fifty-five million francs in 1923 to one hundred million francs in 1924. This growth was due, not only to the rise in the price of vanilla, but also to the improvement and extension of agriculture. France is exceedingly gratified by these results, which correspond to her programme of extracting more wealth out of her Oceanic possessions. Her colonial officials are filled with a new spirit. In former times they did not enjoy a high reputation, particularly in the Pacific, for their efficiency. Since the opening of the Panama Canal these islands have been brought closer to the mother country. The *Messageries* maintains a triannual service with France, which it is planned gradually to put on a monthly basis. Highways and bridges are being built and scientific agriculture extended. Papeete, the charming capital of the colony, has repaired the damage done by German cruisers during the war, and to-day presents a scene of peaceful tropical beauty, with winding streets bordered by vegetable gardens and bungalows where young ladies practise on the piano and Empire furniture and chromos of Millet are visible through the open windows. Oh, great despairing shade of Paul Gauguin, we are lost!

Disillusionment? Not exactly. This New Cytherea that the spirits of poets have come from distant lands to people with the creations of their fancy and their yearning for unspoiled nature is after all something real. My pilgrimage hither may have destroyed the Tahiti of romance for me, but it has not destroyed the romanticism of Tahiti. This island is where the literary discovery of the Pacific began. That discovery was of great moment in the history of contemporary art and letters, comparable with the literary discovery of the Orient by European authors in the seventeenth century. And a whole school of writers, beginning with Melville, Stoddard, and Stevenson, has flourished on this soil. Like Ancient Crete, the mythic home of a maritime civilization, verdant Tahiti is the cradle of South Sea fiction. A new muse, the sad savage muse of eternal summer and vanishing races, sleeps there on her flower-spangled lawns and in the shade of her palms, broad-browed, black-tressed, reclining with the unconscious, statuesque grace of those noble Polynesian Eves whom Gauguin portrayed on canvas. Possibly she has already sung her swan song. Let us not awaken her.

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MR. DEW'S DEVICE[1]

BY G. M. A.

MR. DEW was becoming a deceitful man, and the knowledge was distasteful to him. That his deceit was of the least reprehensible kind, neither inbred nor achieved but thrust upon him by his wife, Sylvia, was little alleviation. Mr. Dew was a Book Inebriate, and whenever he bought a book — drank a book, in Sylvia's phrase — the domestic atmosphere was as much disturbed as if he had given himself up to inebriety as the world conceives it. And, except denial of the books that he desired, nothing distressed Mr. Dew like domestic disturbance.

Sylvia's point was that, as he had three thousand books already, his reading-hours were provided for, for a very long time to come. She was a great reader herself, but three thousand books afforded sufficient provender. Books were things you had to be very careful about. She quoted Hobbes: 'If I had read as much as other men I should have known as little as other men.'

'You are arguing very foolishly,' said Mr. Dew. 'Books are things you have to keep up with.'

'But, Godfrey, you have n't kept up with half of them yet. Last night I was cutting the pages of your Walton's *Lives*, and he's seventeenth century.'

'What edition was that?' asked Mr. Dew. 'It is editions that make the difficulty, since, as Lord Chesterfield said, the last editions are always the best. And besides editions, the modern *belles-lettres* shelf has to be so constantly attended to.'

'*Belles-lettres!* Baggage books,' said Sylvia scornfully. 'They're never worth keeping. Get your baggage books from the libraries and have done with them.'

Mr. Dew's passion for books was only equaled by his hatred of books that did not belong to him. He was distressed that Sylvia, whose instincts generally were as nice as possible, did not share his horror of communal books. 'Then Morris's picture of a library at the street corner, with the citizens washing their hands in a parochial basin, drying them on a parochial towel, and taking their places in a queue to read for odd half-hours in their day, meets with your approbation?' 'Indeed yes,' replied Sylvia brightly. 'And that's an idea. We ought not to keep all these books to ourselves, Godfrey. I think the basin and the towel and the queue should be introduced, for our own salvation, into our home life. For another man to be reading the book you yourself wanted would be the best possible discipline for you.' Mr. Dew went out far from calm.

Sylvia sat down and laughed softly. Of course, a reading man was the greatest blessing that could happen to any woman. If Godfrey did n't read she would never get her little bills paid. What was he reading now? She picked up *Marius the Epicurean*, and slipped in a tiny piece of paper at his marked page.

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *October 22*

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Godfrey, her husband,
to
Sylvia, his wife.

	s.	d.
1½ yards flannel	3	9
Repairing two shirts	2	10
One bottle of Graves	3	6
	10	1

Discount one penny.
Your kind attention would afford great relief.

Mr. Dew became the secret inebriate. He went on buying books, only now he concealed them. But his gift for secrecy was less endowed than Sylvia's swift vision. 'Why, when did this come — *Madrigals and Chronicles*, by John Clare?' 'Oh, I've had that some little time.' Sylvia wheeled round. 'Now, how long exactly?' Mr. Dew assumed the attitude of a man fumbling at a far-back past. 'Oh, Godfrey, it was n't here yesterday. And twenty-five shillings! You know, Godfrey, you're not a rich man.' Ninety-nine men out of a hundred know this. Mr. Dew found communal knowledge as distressing as communal books.

'It would be so much wiser if you did n't go past Whitewell's at all. Or, if you must go there, why don't you look only in the north window, where the classics are which you've got already? It's that horrid south window, full of baggage books, which gets you down. You're not strong enough for it.' The insinuation of poverty and weakness together exasperated Mr. Dew; and exasperated men do not stay in the house. He took his hat, and the Puckish spirit that hovers on the doorstep of all bookish homes led him, straight as a die, to Whitewell's, and pulled him up sharp at the south window.

A new book on Donne. He had n't seen it announced. There were many things about Donne Mr. Dew did n't understand. 'I'll just look at it.' 'Just' was Mr. Dew's quicksand. 'Just put this to my account.' Mr. Dew spoke very softly to the assistant. Softness, like 'just,' was a great mitigator. When he had a book in his pocket the little distance between Whitewell's and home seemed interminable to Mr. Dew. But at last he was safely in his library. 'So let us melt and make no noise' — that was the line in Donne Mr. Dew liked particularly.

Sylvia was coming. Quick as lightning he slipped the Donne underneath his person and sat upon him. Deceit was swift to exact its price. Next to the quality of a book came its condition. Sitting on a book was the worst possible process to which to subject it. Nor did that end the account. Sylvia was full of penitence for her detestable remark, 'You know, Godfrey, you're not a rich man.' Fancy a wife's coming in all smiles and sweetness and a man's not being able to enjoy them, and being engrossed instead with the agonizing wonder as to whether the fact that he was sitting on a book was palpable. Mr. Dew squeezed his legs together and put a hand down at each side to help his negligible width. Very deceitful indeed. The risk he was running was horrible. If Sylvia said suddenly, 'Godfrey, what are you sitting on? You're all askew!' where would be the dignity of their life together? But Sylvia did n't say it. She just offered her sweetness, and when she recognized its imperfect acceptance went out with a little lump in her throat. Mr. Dew extracted the Donne. Then he was more disturbed than ever. His acute anxiety had made him press very hard, so that in the cover there was a distressing half-moon dent. Sylvia's sharp eyes pounced, as usual, on his clumsy secrecy. 'Why, Godfrey, how long have you had this?' 'The book on Donne, dear? Long enough, unfortunately, for very serious damage to have been done to the cover.'

A week later Mr. Dew was walking

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round and round the Botanical Gardens unconscious of a single specimen. His eyes were with his mind, deep in manœuvring thought. What a charming edition! So compact! And an editor to be relied upon! All the best ones would be included, and though he loved her to the other side of idolatry there was undoubtedly a good deal of dross with her gold. The last editions were always the best. So unfortunate, but so true! He must certainly have her, but to be able to read her openly was an equal necessity. She was the best nightcap in the world, and at the end of the day one could not rely on the speed of one's movements any more than one could be certain that Sylvia had really gone to bed. Mr. Dew believed strongly that every problem has a solution. Troy could always be taken. All that he needed was his own little variant of the wooden horse. Round and round the Gardens he went, unconscious of a single specimen. Yes? How very simple! Mr. Dew stood still and laughed happily out loud. He'd thought of something quite as effective for his own baffling little circumstance as a wooden horse. In a trice he was at Whitewell's. 'Just put this to my account.' Then, more softly, 'Just lend me a pen, will you?' Then, more softly still, 'Just let me have your seat for a moment, if you please.'

'Godfrey! A new *Madame de Sévigné!*' All the worry of the world was in Sylvia's voice.

'Yes, dear. A present.'

'A present? How perfectly lovely!'

'Look inside.'

With a delicate finger she obediently opened the cover.

'With dear love to Sylvia,' she read.

BLASCO IBÁÑEZ ON HIMSELF[1]

BY CHARENSOL

[While his books are suppressed and legal proceedings threatened against him in Spain, Señor Vicente Blasco Ibáñez is living placidly at Menton.]

When you get out of the train, among the pear and olive trees and the mimosas at the station of Menton-Garavan, only a few steps from the Italian frontier, you suddenly see standing there among the trees a towering villa of violent color and complex architecture, which from a little distance seems to dominate the sea and the twisted coast. As you come near this curious edifice, which is still in process of construction, you observe three or four villas, which form the present dwelling-place of Blasco Ibáñez.

While the journals of the whole world are echoing with the polemics engendered by his *Alphonso XIII Unmasked*, and while the French Government is officially announcing that it will not take legal action against this book, Vicente Blasco Ibáñez is peacefully at home on his great estate, busy with his writing and revising the third volume of his memories of a voyage around the world.

'Have you read *Alphonso XIII Unmasked?*' asked Blasco Ibáñez's secre-

[1] From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), *March* 14

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tary after he had opened the carefully barred gates of 'Fontana Rosa.'

'Of course,' said I.

'Well, that was absolutely necessary before you go in to see the master, for he is always extremely busy, and otherwise you might bother him with questions which the reading of his book would have rendered unnecessary.'

'Ah!' said I.

'Well, then come in; but I warn you that the master can spare you only ten minutes for conversation.'

The study of the famous Spanish novelist is a huge room whose walls are covered with books. You can see signed photographs of Emile Zola, Anatole France, and Pearl White, two portraits of Victor Hugo, a bust and a small bas-relief of Denys Puech, a 'Victory of Samothrace' in plaster, and on the sofa a heap of telegrams. Blasco Ibáñez was dressed in a kind of jacket of maroon velvet. He is a man of about fifty, with a heavy, powerful face. His thick lips open to let out a sonorous voice, which warms readily, although the first reception that he gives you is rather cold. Blasco Ibáñez expresses himself well in French, although his rough Spanish accent often distorts his words.

'What do you want?'

'First, I want to ask about the incidents that followed the publication of your book, *Alphonso XIII Unmasked*.'

'Well,' said Blasco Ibáñez, 'these incidents were less violent than I expected. Of course I am very much under fire, but they confine themselves to criticizing myself and my talent, and make no reply to the allegations contained in my pamphlet. The Spanish Government, moreover, has spared nothing, and it has already spent ten million pesetas in fighting that book. While the reactionary papers are abusing me, the liberal press is gagged and cannot defend me. In France you have no idea of the situation in Spain. There is no more liberty. Everything is under the Government's thumb, and the libraries cannot even put my novels in their windows for sale. I am a Liberal, but I am not in politics. When I wrote *Alphonso XIII Unmasked* I thought only of being useful to my country.'

'Is it true,' I asked, 'as your opponents say, that your books are better known abroad than in Spain?'

'That is absolutely false. It is true that my biggest editions have been in English-speaking countries. Nevertheless my books have larger sales in Spain than they have in France, some of them reaching a hundred and fifty thousand.'

While this conversation was going on, Blasco Ibáñez had become calmer. His mind was no longer on the ten minutes that he expected to grant me, which had long ago expired.

'May I ask,' I said, 'what you think of present-day literature in general?'

'I have just told you that I am a Liberal, that I do not want to pass any literary judgments. I am a "creator," I am not at all a man of letters. I do not take any part in literary life, and I am quite outside the literary circles. That, however, does not prevent my keeping in touch with everything that is published in the world. Every day I devote from four to five hours to reading. I have a big library here, and in my various homes I have sixty thousand volumes, written in all languages.

'But a man is perpetually developing. Lately I have been reading over works that I greatly admired ten years ago, which now have no great interest for me. Under such conditions how can one pass a judgment that is worth anything? Ever since Voltaire, there has always been at least one French writer alive who was genuinely representative of his country and his period;

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Voltaire representing eighteenth century philosophy, Chateaubriand representing the Catholic reaction of the Restoration, Victor Hugo representing the ideas of liberty and progress, then Emile Zola, last of all Anatole France. But France is dead, and I do not see anyone to take his place. This state of affairs will not last, but it may be ten or fifteen years before a sharply marked personality emerges. Perhaps at this very moment the future Hugo is passing his examinations for the baccalaureate. While we wait, there is no French writer who makes himself really felt abroad, and French influence suffers from the effects, for France makes herself felt beyond her own frontiers by her literature first of all. I know a great number of Spaniards, for example, who read French, though they are quite incapable of talking it.

'The last French writer who was really representative was certainly Anatole France. The great public abroad scarcely read him, but intellectuals knew his work, and he symbolized for them the literary tradition in France. In earlier days we used to see a good deal of each other, France and I, and each time we met he used to talk — I don't know why it was so — about love and women. But toward the end of his life I saw less of him, because he had become somewhat weakened by age. The last time we dined together it was at Calmann-Levy the publisher's, a little before I set out on my trip around the world. During the course of that dinner we even had a little dispute. When he discoursed to me of his Communist opinions, I told him that he might be able to talk after he had been imprisoned thirty-two times and after he had been a year and a half in jail for the sake of his ideals, as I have been. I was very fond of him, however, and we made a big lecture-tour in South America together. But in the course of his voyage he fell in love with a little actress, whom he never left for a single moment, and so he got about very little. At Buenos Aires, where we remained a month, I met him out of doors only once. Anatole France did not like to travel. He was like all you Frenchmen, who hardly know the world beyond your own door. Most of your young French novelists spend their time describing the torment of their souls or some little love affair in the Rue de Seine, because they have never left Paris.

'As a matter of fact, there are not many true novelists. It is easy enough to find people who can write a short story, but a novel is quite another matter, for a novel is a big book of 380 pages, and not a tiny volume in big print with lots of white spaces. To write novels you must have seen a good deal. For my part, I have not been content with merely traveling. I have lived six years on the Argentine pampas. I have even founded a city.

'People often say of a book that it is "well written." No doubt. But style is not enough; it is the fifth or sixth consideration. The first is life. A man who really has something to say can carry his work within his brain for a long time, but the day will come when he will feel compelled to give it expression. Thus with me. When the time has come, I absolutely have to begin writing, otherwise I should be sick.

'The literatures of all countries have a good deal in common. Of course there are obvious differences among them, but one might compare them to brothers one of whom will be blond, another dark, while a third has medium hair, yet all of whom have a family likeness to one another in spite of all these differences.'

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE TIME TO WRITE

In popular legend a writer is an eccentric individual who covers innumerable reams of paper by plying the pen — or perhaps, to the excruciation of his neighbors, even the typewriter — late into the night, the while assisted by numerous cups of black coffee or fortifying beverages of even greater potency. As a matter of fact, not many writers are like that — largely because most of them, to their own salvation, acquire strong-minded wives who simply will not stand for it.

Such currency as the picturesque legend may still retain suffers further damage at the hands of *T. P.'s Weekly*, which has lately undertaken an inquiry among various lights of British letters anent the time of day they find best suited for writing. The replies vary from an icy note written by Arnold Bennett's secretary — 'Mr. Arnold Bennett asks me to say that he has no best time for writing' — to the cordial responses of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Arthur Pinero, W. L. George, Rose Macaulay, and others, only a few of whom mention the night as a good time for the manufacture of literature.

Here are some of the replies: —

Sir Arthur Pinero: My time for writing is nighttime. That this is the best time for any man to write is doubtful; but the habit of fifty years is not easily corrected.

Sir A. Conan Doyle: The fresher one is the saner one is. All depends on that.

Rose Macaulay: My best time for writing is when traveling in a train, as trains offer fewer facilities for other amusements than elsewhere, and in time one often has no resource but to write.

Louis N. Parker: As I do nothing else, except eat and drink, I have no set time. I scribble from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve; and then I run up an awful bill for electricity. I have not noticed that the result is any better at one time than another.

Compton Mackenzie: My only time for writing is at night. Just as we have nocturnal and diurnal monkeys, so we have nocturnal and diurnal men. I should look for my ancestral relatives among the lemurs of Madagascar, or perhaps, more suitably, among the howlers of the Amazonian forests.

Eden Phillpotts: The best time for writing is when people pay you for what you write.

I have never discovered a time where my pen moves in ease and comfort over production of free copy.

Believe me, not one of your sagacious readers cares a d—— when we write, so long as we produce what is worth reading. My best time for writing is between 9.30 A.M. and luncheon, and 5.30 P.M. and dinner. Not even T. P. would make me pick up a pen after the latter meal.

W. L. George: The morning, without a doubt.

✻

A FRENCH RETORT COURTEOUS

A new method of literary feud has been introduced into the quarrelsome life of literary Paris by M. André Gide, the famous novelist who represents the intellectual life of French Protestant-

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ism. M. Gide's book, *Corydon*, offended a great many of his friends when it appeared, but there was an even finer *frisson* when M. Gide announced his method of getting even with his late friends and present foes. He publicly advertised a sale of that part of his library which consisted of 'the works of those who had turned their backs upon him since the publication of *Corydon*.'

The sale amounts in all to three hundred and fifty volumes — exactly one tenth of the writer's library. M. Gide is selling, not only the books of the writers who had the bad taste to turn their backs upon him, but also the books of all his friends for whom his friendship has ceased. A good many — it must be fairly accurate to say most — are autographed by the writers, which makes the sale all the more amusing. The offended donors had the opportunity of buying back their gifts, with friendly sentiments inscribed, if they wanted to.

Among the writers thus ostentatiously cast into the discard are Henri de Régnier, Francis Jammes, and André Suarez. Prior to the sale, which took place late in April, the books were exposed for public examination in a bookstore on the Quai Malaquais.

A NAVAL IDYLL

ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD BACON, of the British Navy, lately printed in London a book of memoirs, which he calls a *Naval Scrapbook*, and in which occurs this remarkable tale of a naval lieutenant with a mind of his own.

A certain gunboat was stationed on the West Coast of Africa, and since slave ships were the quarry, and success in catching them depended largely on the unfettered judgment of the officer on the spot, the cruising-orders gave the officer in command considerable latitude.

The gunboat worked her way up one of the rivers, and discovered a British Vice-Consul and his extremely pretty daughter. The lieutenant fell in love with the daughter, and they became engaged to be married.

Shortly after, while at sea, he received dispatches ordering him to join the South American Station. He could not take his bride with him in the gunboat, and he did not wish to leave her behind; so he said nothing about the orders, was married by the Vice-Consul, and settled ashore at the Consul's house, having moored the gunboat to the bank. . . . Finally the gunboat was officially notified as lost with all hands. . . .

How long the lieutenant might have continued enjoying life up a tropical river in the West of Africa it is impossible to say, had not a second gunboat poked her bows up the same river, and so discovered his whereabouts.

Then the trouble began, and retribution swift and adequate followed.

DOWN WITH DARWIN

COMMUNICATION addressed to the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, organ of British Liberalism, demonstrating that not all Fundamentalists dwell west of the Atlantic Ocean: —

SIR, — Our American friends who are banning Darwin and his work from schools and universities supported by public funds have sound reasons for so doing.

Professor G. McCready Price, in his books, *The New Geology*, *Q. E. D.*, and *The Phantom of Organic Evolution*, has ably stated these reasons, supported with a wealth of scientific facts, demonstrating that the scientific situation to-day, in view of the discoveries made in geology, radioactivity, energetics, histology, and Mendelism, demands just such a real Creation as is recorded in Genesis.

Sir Arthur Keith and those who think with him may shut their eyes and ignore the inevitable conclusion to be drawn from these discoveries, but it is evident that other competent scientists are alive to their im-

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portance, and it is encouraging now to find that the Bible after all knows more about our origin and can more safely be relied upon than Darwin.

L. J. L. HAGA

Romford, Essex, 28 *March*

❧

ALAS, POOR WELLS!

MR. LEON TROTSKII — who has either been assassinated, or deposed, or fallen into disgrace, or gone into the country for his health, or fallen into the hands of the Cheka — has, as everybody knows, been writing a book about Lenin. That unfortunate volume was, indeed, the head and front of his offending, and though it has now been translated into English without the objectionable introductory chapter which so hurt the feelings of his Bolshevist comrades, it is still likely to hurt the feelings of at least one famous English novelist.

When Mr. H. G. Wells was in Russia, he met Lenin, of whom he wrote patronizingly, 'It was really a recreation to talk with this unusual little man.'

Now Mr. Trotskii divulges Lenin's private opinion of Mr. Wells: —

> I remember the impression Vladimir Ilich (Lenin) carried away from his conversation with Wells. 'What a bourgeois he is! He is a Philistine!' he repeated, raised both hands above the table, laughed and sighed, as was characteristic of him when he felt a kind of inner shame for another man.

And Trotskii's own comment is: —

> Oh, long-suffering Ilich! He probably permitted several very expressive and strong Russian words to pass through his mind. He did not translate them aloud in English — apparently not only because his English vocabulary would not have reached nearly so far, but also for reasons of politeness. Ilich was very polite.

Sad to say, the *Morning Post*, which abhors Mr. Wells only a little less than Lenin, took advantage of the incident to indulge in satiric verse: —

> Said Comrade Trotsky
> To Comrade Wells:
> 'You're one of the monstrous
> Bourgeois swells
> Who whitewash Capitalistic hells!'
>
> Said Comrade Wells
> To Comrade Trotsky:
> 'What dreadful drivel!
> Don't talk damrotsky!
> You're most ill-bred! You can go to . . .
> potsky!'

❧

COMPETITOR SHELLEY

SOMEBODY in South Africa has been playing one of those trite but always successful practical jokes. The magazine committee of Witwatersrand University — an educational institution that bobbed into the news for the first time when one of its professors found the Taungs skull — has been holding a poetry competition. Poems were to be submitted in either South African Dutch or in English. The joker turned in Shelley's lyric beginning, 'Like the ghost of a dear friend dead.' Sad to say, the judges, possibly swayed by national feeling, gave the first two prizes to Dutch poems, and all unknowing permitted Shelley to come in a mere third.

Now all unliterary South Africa is laughing at the judges. Literary South Africa is now probably pondering the difficulty of detecting masterpieces.

It is conventional to assume that any poem by Shelley must inevitably have been better than the two Dutch poems. But how can we be sure of that without reading them? Homer nodded, and even his most besotted admirers well know that Shelley occasionally went fast asleep.

Is it perfectly certain that if a new volume of poetry by an unknown young man, entitled *Prometheus Unbound*, should appear to-day all the London critics would instantly place him in his proper niche in English literature? In

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Paris the Théâtre Français was similarly victimized not long since with an almost unknown play from a famous pen.

⁂

DARWIN'S COFFIN

An odd bit of British intellectual history from the Labor *Daily Herald*: —

An old oak coffin that has stood in the corner of the coach-house of the New Inn, Farnborough, for many years has just been identified as one made for the burial of Darwin, the author of the *Origin of Species*.

Mr. Seeley, who recently took over the premises, had the tarnished plate cleaned, and to his surprise the following inscription was revealed: 'Charles Robert Darwin. Died April 19, 1882. Aged 73.'

Inquiries show that the coffin was made from old timber on the estate belonging to Darwin, at Down, close to Farnborough, and it is stated that his body actually rested in it for thirty-six hours.

Then a Westminster Abbey funeral was arranged, and another coffin was dispatched from London, and was used.

⁂

THE ART THEATRES PERISH

The French critic, André Rivoire, writing in *Le Temps*, laments the passing of the art theatres, which apparently have as high a death rate in France as anywhere else.

'I have not been able this year,' says M. Rivoire in his *Chronique théâtrale*, 'to take you with me into the art theatre as often as I should have liked, and the main reason — I need give no others — is that most of them have vanished. The Vieux Colombier is no more — at least not the Vieux Colombier of Jacques Copeau, which so cleverly staged plays which had been reported unplayable. . . . So too the Nouveau Théâtre Libre, founded by Pierre Véber, is gone, and the Théâtre du Figuier, which presented the *Alexandre* of M. Demasi. Gone likewise are the Canard Sauvage, the Chimère, and others. Almost all of these were groups of authors and amateurs who, on the eve of the war, were mounting pieces by beginning playwrights before audiences of critics and subscribers.

⁂

THE TAILORED LORD

Sartorial note from London, via the *Manchester Guardian*: —

The Earl of Oxford has taken to the black morning-coat and dark trousers since his elevation. Time and again he turned up in the Commons in a blue reefer suit that gave him the appearance of a sea pilot, and while he stood at the box he would dip his hands deep into the side pockets as he delivered a sledge-hammer blow of oratory or argument. All this is changed now, and the side-pocket habit has perforce vanished. In many ways, indeed, Lord Oxford looks smarter and sprucer than did Mr. Asquith.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Reichsarchiv: Der Weltkrieg, 1914–18. Vol. I. *Die Grenzschlachten im Westen.* Vol. II. *Die Befreiung Ostpreussens.* Vol. III. *Die Marneschlacht.* Berlin: E. Mittler und Sohn, 1925.

['A Former Member of the German General Staff' in the *Manchester Guardian*]

THE German official military history of the Great War is appearing in a series of volumes. The first two have already been published. The first deals with the frontier battles in the West before the Battle of the Marne, the second with the expulsion of the Russians from East Prussia. The third, dealing with the Battle, or rather Battles, of the Marne, will be ready in August or September. The German military experts engaged on this great work are using German official documents for the most part. Official Austrian documents have also been placed at their disposal, while a very valuable and fruitful interchange of ideas and information is taking place between them and the Historical Section of the British Committee of Imperial Defense, as well as the historical section of the United States Army War College.

The work is remarkable for its absolute objectivity. Nothing is glossed over. No mistakes are excused or palliated. The record, as told in the first two volumes, is, in its restraint and its sober realism, an unsparing indictment of the German High Command under General von Moltke.

Germany, by G. P. Gooch. London: Benn, 1925. 15*s.*

The Case for the Central Powers, by Count Max Montgelas. London: Allen & Unwin, 1925. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[G. R. Stirling Taylor in the *Outlook*]

THERE was once a case heard before the High Court of the Holy Roman Empire, when it was the very unholy German Empire, which lasted twenty years before judgment was given. It will take many more years than that before history agrees on its verdict concerning the matter of the responsibility of Germany for the Great War of 1914–18. Here are two more judicial statements from the Bench. Count Max Montgelas's book is a detailed consideration of the diplomatic events that directly or indirectly led on to the war. After a survey of the international position since Bismarck's time, he quickly gets down to such affairs as what the Chancellor of Austria wrote to the Chancellor of Germany about the murders at Serajevo, whether the Russians mobilized an hour or two before the Germans, and whether the French kept their troops ten kilometres from the frontier during negotiations. Dr. Gooch is under no illusion that the question can be answered in any such way. Being an historian of profound knowledge, he has realized that the great events of history have their roots away back in the centuries. He does not seek for the origin of the Great War in Foreign Offices, but rather in the national psychology of the peoples involved. His book is in form a survey of the German mind since the eighteenth century; and he is as much concerned with the philosophers and poets as with the Foreign Ministers.

Both books are valuable as sincere attempts to be impartial and state the evidence with the intention of reaching the truth. The result in both cases is only one more proof that truth is the most elusive and coyest of mistresses. It may be that this is one of those cases where the facts are so numberless that the cleverest and coolest of investigators must lose their way in the maze. To the onlookers, who have not been engrossed in endless reading of Blue Books and White Books and all the rainbow-colored covers of diplomatic reports, there would seem to be a few certain facts that are based on ordinary common-sense and normal human logic. It is confusing to find that the apparently learned and impartial experts by no means accept these commonplace conclusions; so the onlooker begins to feel that the truth is even more evasive than his worst fears expected.

Magellan, by Arthur Sturges Hildebrand. London: Cape, 1925. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Saturday Review*]

IN preparing this narrative of the first circumnavigation of the world, Mr. Hildebrand has been guided by Magellan's own order — 'Follow the flagship, and ask no questions.' This does not mean, of course, that he has not asked a good many questions in his critical examination of the original sources of the history of the great Portuguese captain, which are less numerous

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and explicit than could be wished. He has evidently devoted much loving study to his subject, but he does not trouble the reader with otiose discussions. His main authority is the contemporary narrative of Pigafetta of Vicenza, which he follows very closely in the description of the immortal voyage; there is really very little to be added to the engaging language of that cheerful volunteer. The account of Magellan's earlier life is an excellent illustration of the mental attitude with which men gazed over the trackless Western oceans in the generation that succeeded Columbus.

My Adventures as a Labor Leader, by Frank Hodges. London: Newnes, 1925. 3*s.* 6*d*

[*Daily Herald*]

'At heart I am still a miner.' So Mr. Hodges tells us at the end of his book, which is full of good stuff, skillfully put together.

A collier boy at thirteen, Frank Hodges soon began to feel 'growing-pains.' He began to read.

> As a means of diversion I took one day an old copy of Shakespeare into the mine. Whenever I had an opportunity I read this book.
>
> It was a difficult task, but with the aid of an oil safety-lamp I managed it. I read every play and every poem until the book became so dirty that the print was scarcely visible in that dim, spluttering light.
>
> The plays stirred my imagination, while the sonnets enlivened my emotions in an indescribable manner.

Once started, Hodges read everything that came in his way, went to night schools, joined a debating society. Then came the Evan Roberts 'religious revival' in Wales. Hodges 'was caught up in it, shot straight by agnosticism into the waiting arms of religion.' He set to work to prepare himself to be a Methodist minister.

Too much thinking for himself turned him off this track, and he became instead a miners' agent, borrowing from a fried-fish shopkeeper a pound for his fare to interview the District Committee. 'My respect for those who keep fried-fish shops is permanent,' he says.

He had been, in the meantime, at Ruskin College, and for three months in Paris, so he soon made headway and came quickly to the front as a miners' leader. He knew so well the men whose cause he pleaded: —

> The Welsh miner is a queer complex. He is temperamental; he is mercurial. He is either on the mountain-peak of ecstasy or down in the slough of despond. He is quick to run into a fight, but much quicker than his comrades in the other coal fields to get out of it.
>
> His character has been much misunderstood. Being an Englishman brought up in Wales, I was enabled to study him a little more dispassionately than if I had been a thoroughbred Celt.
>
> He is not the beer-swilling, whippet-racing, cock-fighting, wife-beating fellow such as the descriptions of him indicate from time to time when he is engaged in industrial strife.
>
> On the contrary, he is a careful, clean-living, honest-dealing, family-loving man who, though he thoroughly enjoys his sport, in the main keeps strictly to the path of social and individual rectitude.

Of the miners' strike in 1921 and of 'Black Friday' good accounts are given, not telling quite the whole story, but not attempting to conceal anything essential. There are many estimates of character in the book, among which it is interesting to note that Mr. Hodges considers Mr. Snowden 'the greatest man in our Political Labor Movement,' and there are a number of photographs, including one of Mr. Hodges golfing with the Duke of York.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Bacon, Sir Richard. *A Naval Scrapbook.* London: Hutchinson, 1925. 24*s.*

Trotskii, Leon. *Lenin.* London: G. G. Harrap & Co. 1925. 7*s.* 6*d.*

NEW TRANSLATIONS

Chevalley, Abel. *The Modern English Novel.* Translated from the French by Ben Ray Redman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $3.00.

Korolenko, Vladimir G. *In a Strange Land.* Translated from the Russian by Gregory Zilboorg. New York: Bernard G. Richards Co., Inc., 1925.

Miró, Gabriel. *Figures of the Passion of Our Lord,* translated from the Spanish by C. J. Hogarth. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $3.50.

Zweig, Stephan. *Passion and Pain.* Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: Bernard G. Richards Co., Inc., 1925.

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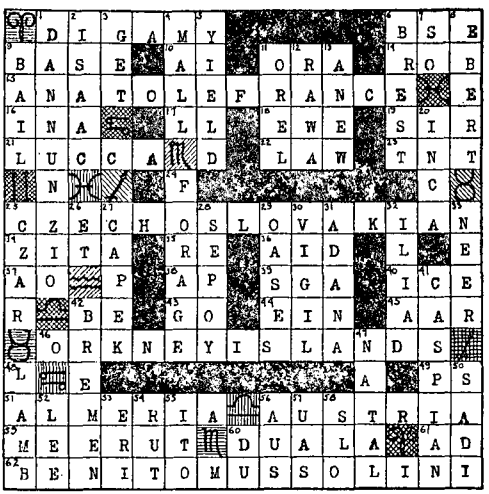
THE PUZZLE

AS far as the great Living Age public was concerned, it was a success. Full returns from certain up-country districts have not yet been filed, but the total number of solutions submitted ought to be in the neighborhood of five hundred. As more than half of those we have received so far have been right, this puts the *Living Age* at least one up on its neighbor the *House Beautiful*, whose far simpler puzzle was solved correctly by only about one third of the aspirants.

As far as the cross-word puzzle editor is concerned, the whole affair has been a deep humiliation. He thought that for once he would stand on his own feet and dispense with editorial assistance, hence ERI appeared as the present tense (a very imperfect definition as one of our punning subscribers pointed out) and Austria, a member in good standing of the old Triple Alliance, found itself united to England, France and Russia in an Entente Cordiale. The first mistake was the fault of the *Living Age* bootblack, the second was just an ordinary mistake, so there is some real excuse for it. We did consider making an announcement that the wrong definitions were put in purposely to make it harder, but at once realized that it would be impossible to hoodwink such perspicacious readers as ours with so simple a ruse. The moral, of course, is that anyone who tries to dispense with the learned and cultivated assistance of our peerless editorial staff will surely perish.

The correct solution is printed here. We refer those who have complaints to lodge concerning DIGAMY and RAWA RUSKA to Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, and suggest their taking the matter up with the publishers of that admirable volume, if they are not satisfied with what they find in it.



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